

P O E M S

UPON

2

Several Occasions.

Granville (G.) Baron Landowne



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. Tonson at Shakespear's Head,
over-against Katharine Street in the Strand.

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BOOKS

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THE
BOOKSELLER
TO THE
READER.

I Am to inform the Reader, that the following Collection contains all the Poems which have been written by the Right Honourable *George Granville* Lord *Lansdown*, very few of which have been ever before Printed; and as this Book is Published by his Lordship's Permission, I question not but it will appear to be very Correct, which cannot be said of some of the Poems, which, as I have been told, came formerly into the World without his Lordship's Knowledge and Approbation. For this Reason, and in Consideration that the Subjects are various and entertaining, I make no doubt but this Edition will meet with a favourable Reception from the Publick.

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POEMS

UPON

Several Occasions:

On the Earl of Peterborough's happy Negotiation of the Marriage between his Royal Highness and the Princess Mary D'Este of Modena.

HIS *Juno* barren, in unfruitful Joys
Our *British Jove* his Nuptial Hours employs:
So Fate ordains, that all our Hopes may be,
And all our Safety, Gallant *Tork*, in thee.

B

By

By the same Wish aspiring Queens are led,
 Each languishing to mount his Royal Bed;
 His Youth, his Wisdom, and his early Fame,
 Create in ev'ry Breast a Rival Flame:
 Remotest Kings sit trembling on their Thrones,
 As if no Distance cou'd secure their Crowns;
 Fearing his Valour, wisely they contend
 To bribe with Beauty so renown'd a Friend:
 Beauty the Price, there need no other Arts,
 Love is the surest Bait for Heroes Hearts:
 Nor can the Fair conceal as high Concern
 To see the Prince, for whom, unseen, they burn

Brave *Tork*, attending to the gen'ral Voice,
 At length resolves to make the wish'd-for Choice
 To noble *Peterborough*, Wise, and Just,
 Of his great Heart he gives the sacred Trust:

"Thy Eyes, said he, shall well direct that Heart
"Where thou, my best belov'd, hast such a Part;
"In Council oft, and oft in Battel try'd,
"Betwixt thy Master, and the World decide.

The chosen *Mercury* prepares t'obey
This high Command. Gently, ye Winds, convey,
And with auspicious Gales his Safety wait,
On whom depend Great *Britain's* Hopes and Fate.
So *Jason* with his *Argonauts*, from *Greece*
To *Cholcos* sail'd, to fetch the Golden Fleece.

As when the Goddesses came down of old
On *Ida's* Hill, so many Ages told,
With Gifts their young *Dardanian* Judge they [try'd,
And each bad high to win him to her Side;
So tempt they him, and æmulously vie
To bribe a Voice that Empires wou'd not buy:

With Balls and Banquets his pleas'd Sense they bait,
And Queens, and Kings, upon his Pleasures wait.

Th' impartial Judge surveys, with vast Delight,
All that the Sun surrounds of Fair and Bright:
Then, strictly Just, he, with adoring Eyes,
To radiant *Esté* gives the famous Prize.
Of Antique Stock, her high Descent she brings,
Born to renew the Race of *Britain's* Kings:
Who cou'd deserve, like Her, in whom we see
United, all that *Paris* found in Three?
O Equal Pair! when both were set above
All other Merit, but each other's Love.

[Shore,
Welcome, Bright Princess, to *Great Britain's*
As *Berecynthia* to high Heav'n, who bore
That shining Race of Goddesses and Gods
Who rul'd the World, and fill'd the blest Abodes:

From

From thee, my Muse expects as noble Theams,
Another *Mars* and *Jove*, another *James*,
Our future Hopes all from thy Womb arise,
Our present Joy and Safety from your Eyes;
Those charming Eyes that shine, to reconcile,
To Harmony and Peace, our stubborn Isle:
On brazen *Memnon*, *Phæbus* casts a Ray,
And the tough Metal so salutes the Day.

The *British* Dame, fam'd for resistless Grace,
Contends not now, but for the second Place;
Our Love suspended, we neglect the Fair
For whom we burn'd, to gaze adoring here:
So sang the *Syrens*, with enchanting Sound
Enticing all to listen and be drown'd,
'Till *Orpheus* ravish'd in a nobler Strain,
They ceas'd to sing, or singing charm'd in vain.

This blest Alliance, *Peterborough*, may
 Th'indebted Nation bounteously repay;
 Thy Statues, for the *Genius* of our Land,
 With Palm adorn'd, on ev'ry Threshold stand.

*Spoken by the Author, being then but Twelve
 Years of Age, to her Royal Highness the
 DUTCHESS of YORK, at Trinity-College in
 Cambridge.*

WHEN join'd in One, the Good, the Fair,^{[the Great,}
 Descend to view the Muses humble Seat,
 Tho' in mean Lines they their vast Joys declare,
 Yet for Sincerity and Truth, they dare
 With your own *Tasso's* mighty self compare. }

Then, bright and merciful as Heav'n, receive
 From them such Praises, as to Heav'n they give,

Their

Their Praises for that gentle Influence,
Which those auspicious Lights, your Eyes, dispense.
Those radiant Eyes, whose irresistible Flame
Strikes Envy dumb, and keeps Sedition tame:
They can to gazing Multitudes give Law,
Convert the Factious, and the Rebel awe:
They conquer for the Duke; where-e'er you tread
Millions of Profelites behind are led,
Thro' Crowds of new-made Converts still you go,
Pleas'd and triumphant at the glorious Show.
Happy that Prince, who has by you attain'd
A greater Conquest than his Arms e'er gain'd:
With all War's Rage he may abroad o'ercome,
But Love's a gentler Victory at home.
Securely here, he on that Face relies,
Lays by his Arms, and conquers with your Eyes;
And all the glorious Actions of his Life
Thinks well rewarded, blest with such a Wife.

TO THE
K I N G;

In the First Year of His Majesty's Reign.

MAY all thy Years, like this, propitious be,
 [Victory:
 And bring thee Crowns, and Peace, and
 Scarce hadst thou Time t'unsheath thy conqu'ring
 [Blade,
 It did but glitter, and the Rebels fled:
 Thy Sword, the Safeguard of thy Brother's Throne,
 Is now become the Bulwark of thy own.

Aw'd by thy Fame, the trembling Nations send
 Thro'-out the World, to court so brave a Friend;
 The guilty Senates that refus'd thy Sway
 Repent their Crime, and hasten to obey;

Tribute

Tribute they raise, and Vows and Off'rings bring,
Confess their Phrenzy, and confirm their King.
Who with their Venom over-spread thy Soil,
Those Scorpions of the State, present their Oyl,

So the World's Saviour, like a Mortal drest,
Altho' by daily Miracles confest,
Accus'd of Evil-Doctrine by the *Jews*,
Their rightful Lord they impiously refuse;
But when they saw such Terror in the Skies,
The Temple rent, their King in Glory rise,
Dread and Amazement seiz'd the trembling
Who, conscious of their Crime, adoring bow'd, ^{[Crowd,}



T O

TO THE
K I N G.

THO' train'd in Arms, and learn'd in Martial ^{[Arts,}
 Thou chusest not to conquer Men, but ^{[Hearts,}
 Expecting Nations for thy Triumphs wait;
 But thou prefer'st the Name of Just to Great.
 So *Jove* suspends his subject World to doom,
 Which wou'd he please to thunder he'd consume.

O! cou'd the Ghosts of mighty Heroes dead
 Return on Earth, and quit th' *Elizian* Shade,
Brutus to *James* wou'd trust the Peoples Cause,
 Thy Justice is a stronger Guard than Laws:
Marius and *Sylla* wou'd resign to thee,
 Nor *Cæsar*, and Great *Pompey*, Rivals be,
 Or Rivals only who shou'd best obey,
 And *Cato* give his Voice for Regal Sway,

TO THE
K I N G.

HEROES of old, by Rapine and by Spoil,
In Search of Fame did all the World embroil.

Thus to their Gods each then ally'd his Name,
This sprang from *Jove*, and That from *Titan* came,
With equal Valour, and the same Success,
Dread King, might'st thou the Universe oppress.
But Christian Laws constrain thy Martial Pride,
Peace is thy Choice, and Piety thy Guide;
By thy Example, Kings are taught to sway,
Heroes to fight, and Saints may learn to pray.

The *Grecian* Leaders were but half Divine;
Nestor in Council, and *Ulysses* shine:

But

But in the Day of Combat, all wou'd yield
 To the fierce Master of the sev'n-fold Shield,
 Their very Deities were grac'd no more,
Mars had the Courage, *Jove* the Thunder bore;
 But all Perfections meet in *James* alone,
 And *Britain's* King is all the Gods in One.

Mr. *Waller* to the Author,

On his foregoing

V E R S E S to the KING.

AN early Plant, which such a Bloffom bears,
 And shows a Genius so beyond his Years,
 A Judgment that cou'd make so fair a Choice,
 So high a Subject to employ his Voice,
 Still as it grows, how sweetly will he sing
 The growing Greatness of our matchless King.

T O

T O

Mr. *W A L L E R*.

WHEN into *Lybia* the young *Grecian* came
 To talk with *Hammon*, and consult for ^{[Fame,}
 When from the Sacred Tripod where he stood,
 The Priest inspir'd Saluted him a God;
 Scarce such a Joy that haughty Victor knew,
 So own'd by Heav'n, as I thus prais'd by you.
 Whoe'er their Names can in thy Numbers show,
 Have more than Empire, and immortal grow;
 Ages to come shall scorn the Powers of old,
 When in thy Verse of greater Gods they're told;
 Our beauteous Queen, and martial Monarch's Name
 For *Jove* and *Juno* shall be plac'd by Fame,
 Thy *Charles* for *Neptune* shall the Seas Command,
 And *Sacharissa* shall for *Venus* stand;
 Greece shall no longer boast, nor haughty Rome,
 But think from *Britain* all the Gods did come.

To the Immortal Memory of

Mr. *W A L L E R*:

UPON HIS

D E A T H.

A Like partaking of Celestial Fire,
 Poets and Heroes to Renown aspire,
 'Till crown'd with Honour, and immortal Name,
 By Wit, or Valour, led to equal Fame,
 They mingle with the Gods, that breath'd the ^[Noble Flame]
Homer shall last like *Alexander* long,
 As much Recorded, and as often Sung.

A Tree of Life is Sacred Poetry;
 Sweet is the Fruit, and tempting to the Eye.

Many

Many there are who nibble without Leave;
But none, who are not born to Taste, survive.
Waller shall never dye, of Life secure,
As long as Fame or aged Time endure:
Waller, the Muse's Darling, free to Taste
Of all their Stores, the Master of the Feast;
Not like old *Adam* stinted in his Choice,
But Lord of all the spacious Paradise.

Those Foes to Virtue, Fortune, and Mankind,
Favouring his Fame, once to do Justice join'd;
No carping Critick interrupts his Praise,
No Rival strives, but for a second Place:
No Want constrain'd, the Writer's usual Fate,
A Poet, with a plentiful Estate;
The first of Mortals, who before the Tomb
Struck that pernicious Monster, Envy, Dumb,

Malice

Malice and Pride, those Savages, disarm'd;
 Not *Orpheus* with such pow'rful Magick charm'd;
 Scarce in the Grave can we allow him more
 Than, Living, we agreed to give before.

His noble Muse employ'd her gen'rous Rage
 In crowning Virtue, scorning to engage
 The Vice and Follies of an impious Age:
 No Satyr lurks within this hallow'd Ground,
 But Nymphs, and Heroins, Kings and Gods
 Glory, and Arms, and Love, is all the Sound:
 His *Eden* with no Serpent is defil'd,
 But all is gay, delicious all, and mild.

Mistaken Men his Muse of Flatt'ry blame,
 Adorning twice an impious Tyrant's Name:
 We raise our own, by giving Fame to Foes;
 The Valour that he prais'd he did oppose.

Nor were his Thoughts to Poetry confin'd,
The State and Business shar'd his ample Mind;
As all the Fair were Captives to his Wit,
So Senates to his Counsels would submit:
His Voice so soft, his Eloquence so strong,
Like *Cato's* was his Speech, like *Ovid's* was his Song.

Our *British* Kings are rais'd above the Herse,
Immortal made in his immortal Verse;
No more are *Mars* and *Jove* Poetick Themes,
But the Coelestial *Charles's* and Just *James*:
Juno and *Pallas*, all the shining Race
Of Heav'nly Beauties, to the Queen give Place;
Clear like her Brow, and graceful was his Song,
Great like her Mind, and like her Virtue strong.

Parent of Gods, who do'st to Gods remove,
Where art thou plac'd, and which thy Seat above?

C

Waller

Waller the God of Verse we will proclaim,
 Not *Phæbus* now, but *Waller* be his Name;
 Of joyful Bards the sweet Seraphick Quire
 Acknowledge thee, their Oracle and Syre;
 The Spheres do Homage, and the Muses sing
Waller the God of Verse, who was the King.

ON THE
 QUEEN'S PICTURE,

Given in Exchange for another.

OF the rude *Indians*, artless and untaught,
 So brightest Jewels are with Trifles bought:
 Deceiv'd *Ixion's* Fate revers'd is show'd,
 Imperial *Juno* given for a Cloud.

ON THE QUEEN.

When we reflect upon our charming Queen,
Her Wit, her Beauty, her Imperial Mein;
Majestick *Juno* in her Air we find,
The Form of *Venus*, with *Minerva's* Mind:
Who was so grac'd, she, she was fit alone
With Royal *James* to fill the *British* Throne.

LOVE.

To Love is to be doom'd, in Life, to feel
What after Death the Tortur'd meet in Hell.
The Vulture dipping in *Prometheus* Side
His bloody Beak, with his torn Liver dy'd,

Is Love: The Stone that labours up the Hill,
 Mocking the Lab'rèr's Toil, returning still,
 Is Love: Those Streams where *Tantalus* is curst
 To sit, and never drink, with endless Thirst,
 Those loaden Boughs that with their Burthen bend
 To court his Taste, and yet escape his Hand,
 All this is Love, that to dissembled Joys
 Invites vain Men, with real Griefs destroys.

THE

PROGRESS *of* BEAUTY.

THE God of Day, descending from above,
 Mixt with the Sea, and got the *Queen of Love*:
 Beauty, that fires the World, 'twas fit should rise
 From him alone, who lights the Stars and Skies.

In

In *Cyprus* long, by Men and Gods obey'd,
The Lover's Toil she gratefully repaid;
Promiscuous Blessings to her Slaves assign'd,
And shew'd the World that Beauty should be kind,
Learn by this Pattern, all ye Fair, to charm;
Bright be your Beams, but without scorching warm.

Hellen was next, from *Greece* to *Phrygia* brought,
With much Expence of Blood and Empire fought;
Beauty and Love the noblest Cause afford
That can try Valour, or employ the Sword:
Not Men alone, incited by her Charms,
But Heav'n's concern'd, and all the Gods take Arms.
The happy *Trojan*, gloriously possess,
Enjoys, and lets despairing Fools contest:
" Secure, said he, of that for which they fight,
" Theirs be the Toil, and mine be the Delight;

" Your dull Reflexions, Moralists, forbear,
 " His Title's best, who best can please the Fair.
 Ten Years, a noble Space! he kept his Hold;
 Nor lost, 'till Beauty was decay'd and old,
 And Love by long Possession pall'd and cold.

And now the Gods, in pity to the Cares,
 The fierce Desires, Divisions, and Despairs
 Of tortur'd Men, while Beauty was confin'd,
 Resolv'd to multiply the Charming Kind.
Greece was the Land where this bright Race begun,
 And saw a thousand Rivals to the Sun;
 Hence follow'd Arts, each studying with Care
 Some new Production to delight the Fair.
 To bright *Egeria*, *Socrates* retir'd;
 His Wisdom grew, but as his Love inspir'd:
 Those Rocks and Oaks that such Emotions felt,
 Were cruel Maids, whom *Orpheus* taught to melt:

Musick

Musick and Songs, and ev'ry way to move
The raviht Heart, were Seeds and Plants of Love.

The Gods, entic'd by so divine a Birth,
Descend from Heav'n, to this New-Heav'n on [Earth,
Thy Wit, O *Mercury's* no Defence from Love,
Nor, *Mars*, thy Target, nor thy Thunder, *Jove*.
The mad Immortals, in a thousand Shapes
Range the wide Globe; some yield, some suffer }
Invaded, or deceiv'd, not one escapes: [Rapes;

The Wife, tho' a bright Goddess, thus gives place
To mortal Concubines of fresh Embrace:
By such Examples, were we taught to see
The Life and Soul of Love is sweet Variety.

In those first Times, e'er charming Womankind
Reform'd their Pleasures, polishing the Mind,

Rude were their Revels, and obscene their Joys,
 The Broils of Drunkards, and the Lust of Boys;
Phæbus laments, for *Hyacinthus* dead;
 And *Juno* jealous, storms at *Ganimed*.

Return, my Muse, and close that odious Scene,
 Nor stain thy Verse with Images unclean:
 Of Beauty sing, her shining Progress view,
 From Clime to Clime the dazling Light pursue,
 Tell how the Goddess spread, and how in Em-
[pire grew.]
 Let others govern, or defend the State,
 Plead at the Bar, or manage a Debate;
 In lofty Arts and Sciences excell,
 Or in proud Domes employ their boasted Skill,
 To Marble and to Brass such Features give,
 The Metal and the Stone may seem to live;
 Describe the Stars, and Planetary Way,
 And trace the Footsteps of Eternal Day:

Be this, my Muse, thy Pleasure and thy Care,
A Slave to Beauty, to record the Fair;
Still wand'ring in Love's sweet delicious Maze,
To sing the Triumphs of a heav'nly Face,
Of lovely Dames, who with a Smile or Frown
Subdue the Proud, the suppliant Lover crown;
From *Venus* down to *Mira* bring thy Song,
To thee alone such tender Tasks belong.

From *Greece* to *Africk* Beauty takes her Flight,
And ripens with her near Approach to Light:
Frown not, ye Fair, to hear of swarthy Dames
With radiant Eyes, that take unerring Aims;
Beauty by no Complexion is defin'd,
Is of all Colours, and to none confin'd.
Jewels that shine, in Gold or Silver set,
As sparkling and as precious are in Jet.

Here

Here *Cleopatra*, with a liberal Heart,
Bounteous of Love, improv'd the Joy with Art;
The first, who gave recruited Slaves to know
That the rich Pearl was of more Use than Show;
Who with high Meats, or a luxurious Draught,
Kept Love for ever flowing and full fraught.

Julius and *Anthony*, those Lords of All,
Low at her Feet present the conquer'd Ball.
Those dreadful Eagles that had fac'd the Sun
From Pole to Pole, at length fall dazled down.
Her dying Truth some generous Tears would cost,
But that her Fate inspir'd the World well lost,*
With secret Pride the ravish'd Muses view
The Image of that Death, which *Dryden* drew.

Pleas'd in such happy Climates, warm and bright,
Love for some Ages revel'd with Delight:

* All for Love, Or The World well lost; written by Mr. Dryden.

The Martial *Moors*, in Gallantry refin'd,
Invent new Arts to make their Charmers kind;
See! in the Lifts, by golden Barriers bound,
In warlike Ranks they wait the Trumpet's Sound,
Some Love-Device is wrought on ev'ry Sword,
And ev'ry Ribban bears some Mystick Word:
As when we see the winged Winds engage,
Mounted on Coursers foaming Flame and Rage,
Rustling from ev'ry Quarter of the Sky,
North, East, and West, in aëry Swiftneſs vy,
One Cloud repuls'd, new Combatants prepare
To meet as fierce, and form a thund'ring War:
So when the Trumpet sounding gives the Sign,
The jostling Chiefs in rude Rencounter join;
So meet, and so renew the dextrous Fight,
Each fair Beholder trembling for her Knight;
Their clattering Arms with the fierce Shock re-
[found,
Helmets and broken Lances spread the Ground.
Still

Still as one falls, another rushes in,
 And all must be o'ercome, or none can win;
 The Victor, from the glittering Dame, whose Eyes
 Aided his conqu'ring Arm, receives a precious
 [Prize.

Thus flourish'd Love, and Beauty reign'd in State,
 'Till the proud *Spaniard* gave these Glories Date;
 Past is the Gallantry, the Fame remains,
 Transmitted safe in *Dryden's* lofty Scenes;
Granada lost, beheld her Poms restor'd,*
 And *Almahide* again by Kings ador'd.†

Love driven thence, to colder *Britain* flies,
 And with bright Eyes the distant Sun supplies;
 Romances, that relate the dreadful Fights,
 The Loves and Prowess of adventrous Knights,

* The Conquest of *Granada*, written by *Mr. Dryden*.

† *The Part of Almahide acted by Nell Gwyn.*

To animate their Rage, a Kiss, record
From *Britain's* fairest Nymph, was the Reward.
Thus ancient to Love's Empire was the Claim
Of *British* Beauty, and so wide the Fame,
Which like our Flag upon the Seas gives Law,
By Right avow'd, and keeps the World in Awe.

Our gallant Kings, of whom long Annals prove
The mighty Deeds, stand as renown'd for Love;
A Monarch's Right o'er Beauty they may claim,
Lords of that Ocean from whence Beauty came.
Thy *Rosomond*, Great *Henry*, on the Stage
By a late Muse presented in our Age,
With aking Hearts and flowing Eyes we view,
While that dissembled Death presents the true:
In *Bracegirdle* the Persons so agree,
That all seems real the Spectators see.

Of

Of *Scots*, and *Gauls* defeated, and their Kings
 Thy Captives, *Edward*, Fame for ever sings;
 Like thy high Deeds thy noble Loves are prais'd,
 Who hast to Love the noblest Trophy rais'd:
 Thy Statues, *Venus*, tho' by *Phidia's* Hand
 Design'd immortal, yet no longer stand;
 The Magick of thy shining Zone is past,
 But *Salisbury's* Garter shall for ever last,
 Which thro' the World by living Monarchs worn,
 Adds Grace to Scepters, and does Crowns adorn.

If such their Fame, who gave these Rites divine
 To sacred Love, O what Dishonour's thine,
 Forgetful Queen, who sever'd that bright Head
 Which charm'd two mighty Monarchs to her Bed!
 Hadst thou been born a Man, thou hadst not err'd
 Thy Fame had liv'd, and Beauty been prefer'd.

But ah! what mighty Magick can assuage
A Woman's Envy, and a Bigot's Rage!

Love tir'd at length, Love that delights to smile,
Flying from Scenes of Horror, quits our Isle;
With *Charles* the *Cupids* and the *Graces* gone,
In Exile live; for Love and he were One.

With *Charles* he wanders, and for *Charles* he
But oh how fierce the Joy when *Charles* ^{[mourns;} returns!

As eager Flames, with Opposition pent,
Break out impetuous when they find a Vent;

As a fierce Torrent hinder'd in his Race,
Forcing his Way, rowls with redoubl'd Pace;

From the loud Palace to the silent Grove,

All by the King's Example live, and love:

The Muses with Diviner Voices sing,

And all rejoice to please the Godlike King.

Then

Then *Waller* in immortal Verse proclaims
 The shining Court, and all the glitt'ring Dames.
 Thy Beauty, *Sydney*, like *Achilles'* Sword,*
 Resistless stands, upon as sure Record;
 The foremost Hero, and the brightest Dame,
 Both sung alike, shall have their Fate the same.

And now, my Muse, a nobler Song prepare,
 And sing it loud, that Heav'n and Earth may hear.
 Behold from *Italy* a wand'ring Ray
 Of moving Light illuminates the Day,
 Northward she bends, majestically bright,
 And here she fixes her Imperial Light.
 Be bold, be bold, my Muse, nor fear to raise
 Thy Voice to her, who was thy earliest Praise:
 What, tho' the fullen Fates refuse to shine,
 Or frown severe, on thy audacious Line;

* *The Lady Dorothy Sydney, celebrated under the Name of Sacharissa.*

Keep thy bright Theme within thy steady Sight,
The Clouds shall fly before the dazling Light,
And everlasting Day direct thy lofty Flight:
Thou who hast never yet put on Disguise
To flatter Folly, or descend to Vice,
Let no vain Fear thy gen'rous Ardor tame,
But stand erect, and sound as loud as Fame.

As when our Eye some Prospect would pursue,
Descending from a Hill, looks round to view,
Passes o'er Lawns and Meadows, 'till it gains
Some beauteous Spot, and fixing there, remains:
With equal Rapture my transported Muse
Flies other Objects, this bright Theme to chuse,
Queen of our Hearts, and Charmer of our Sight,
A Monarch's Pride, his Glory, and Delight,
Princess ador'd and lov'd, if Verse can give
A deathless Name, thine shall for ever live,

D

In-

Invok'd where-e'er the *British* Lion roars,
Extended as the Seas that gird the *British* Shoars.
The wise Immortals in their Seats above,
To crown their Labours, still appointed Love;
Phæbus enjoy'd the Goddesses of the Sea,
Alcides had *Omphalè*, *James* has Thee.
O happy *James*! Content thy mighty Mind,
Grudge not the World, for still thy Queen is kind;
To lye but at whose Feet more Glory brings,
Than 'tis to tread on Scepters and on Kings:
Secure of Empire in that beauteous Breast,
Who wou'd not give their Crowns to be so blest?
Was *Hellen* half so fair, so form'd for Joy,
Well chose the *Trojan*, and well burnt was *Troy*.
But ah! what strange Vicissitudes of Fate,
What Chance attends on ev'ry worldly State!
As when the Skies were sackt, the conquer'd Gods,
Compell'd from Heav'n, forsook their blest Abodes,

Wan-

Wand'ring in Woods they fled from Den to Den,
Or leading Flocks, turn'd Hirelings to Men:
Or, as the stately Pine erecting high
Her beauteous Branches, shooting to the Sky,
If stricken by the Thunderbolt of *Jove*,
Down falls at once the Pride of all the Grove,
Level with lowest Earth lyes the tall Head,
That rear'd aloft, as to the Clouds was spread:
So —————

But cease, my Muse, thy Colours are too faint,
Hide with a Veil those Griefs that none can paint:
This Sun is set — But see in bright Array
What Hosts of Heav'nly Light recruit the Day!
Love in a shining Galaxy appears
Triumphant still, and *Grafton* leads the Stars:
Ten thousand Loves ten thousand sev'ral Ways
Invade the Lookers on, who die to gaze,

Knowing our Dooms, as to the *Syren's* Voice,
 So sweet's th' Enchantment that our Fate's our ^{[Choice.}
 Who most resembles her, let next be nam'd,
Villiers for Wisdom as for Beauty fam'd:
 Of a high Race that conqu'ring Beauty brings
 To charm the World, and Subjects make of Kings.
 With what Delight my Muse to *Sandwich* flies,
 Whose Wit is piercing as her sparkling Eyes;
 Ah! how she mounts, and spreads her aëry Wings,
 And tunes her Voice, when she of *Ormond* sings,
 Of radiant *Ormond*, only fit to be
 The Successor of beauteous *Offory*.
Richmond's a Title that but nam'd implies
 Majestick Graces, and victorious Eyes;
 Some radiant *Richmond* ev'ry Age has grac'd,
 Still rising in a *Clymax*, 'till the last
 Surpassing all, is not to be surpass.

Holmes and *St. Albans* rich in Charms appear;

Hyde Venus is; the Graces are *Kildare*:

By *Essex*, and fair *Rutenberg*, we find

That Beauty to no Clymate is confin'd.

Rupert, of Royal Blood, with modest Grace

Blushes to hear the Triumphs of her Face.

Careless, but yet secure of Conquest still,

Lu'son unaiming, never fails to kill,*

Guiltless of Pride, to captivate, or shine,

Bright without Art, she wounds without Design.

But *Wyndham* like a Tyrant throws the Dart,

And takes a cruel Pleasure in the Smart;

Proud of the Ravage that her Beauties make,

Delights in Wounds, and kills for killing-fake;

Asserting the Dominion of her Eyes,

As Heroes fight, for Glory, not for Prize.

The skilful Muse's earliest Care has been

The Praise of never-fading *Mazarin*;

* *My Lady Gower*.

The Poet, and his Theme, in spite of Time,*
For ever young, enjoy an endless Prime.

With Charms so numerous *Mira* can surprise,
The Lover knows not by which Dart he dies;
So thick the Volly, and the Wound so sure,
No Flight can save, no Remedy can cure.

Yet dawning in her Infancy of Light,
O see another *Brudenel* heav'nly bright,
Born to fulfil the Glories of her Line,
And fix Love's Empire in that Race divine.

Fain wou'd my Muse to *Stowel* bend her Sight,
But turns astonish'd from the dazzling Light,
Nor dares attempt to climb the steepy Flight.

O *Kneller*! like thy Pictures were my Song,
Clear like thy Paint, and like thy Pencil strong,

* *St. Evremond, who has celebrated Madam Mazarin under the Name of Hortense.*

These matchless Beauties should recorded be
In Verse, Immortal as thy Gallery.*

ON MY
LADY HIDE,

Having the Small-Pox.

Scarce cou'd the general Joy for *Mobun* appear,
But new Attempts show other Dangers near:
Beauty's attack'd in her imperial Fort,
Where all her Loves and Graces keep their Court,
In her chief Residence besieg'd at last,
Laments to see her fairest Fields laid waste.

On things immortal all Attempts are vain,
Tyrant Disease, 'tis loss of Time and Pain;

D 4

Glut

*The Gallery of Beauties at Hampton-Court, drawn by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Glut thy wild Rage, and load thee with rich Prize,
 Torn from her Cheeks, her fragrant Lips and Eyes,
 As much Vermilion, as much Lustre take
 As might a *Hellen* or a *Venus* make;
 Like *Thetis*, she shall frustrate thy vain Rape,
 And in variety of Charms escape.
 The twinkling Stars drop numberless each Night,
 Yet shines the radiant Firmament as bright;
 So, from the Ocean should we Rivers drain,
 Still wou'd enough to drown the World remain.

To M T R A.

WArn'd and made wise by others Flame,
 I fled from whence such Mischiefs came,
 Shunning the Sex that kills at Sight,
 I sought my Safety in my Flight.

But

But ah! in vain from Fate we fly!
For, first or last, as all must die,
So 'tis as much decreed above,
That, first or last, we all must love.

My Heart, that stood so long the Shock
Of Winds and Waves, like some firm Rock,
By one bright Spark from *Myra* thrown,
Is into Flame, like Powder, blown.

TO *MYRA* SONG.

Foolish Love, begone, said I,
Vain are thy Attempts on me,
Thy soft Allurements I defie;
Women, those fair Dissemblers, fly;
My Heart is not made for thee.

Love

Love heard, and strait prepar'd a Dart:

Myra, revenge my Cause, said he.

Too sure 'twas shot; I feel the Smart,

It rends my Brain, and tears my Heart:

O Love! my Conqueror, pity me.

To MYRA. The Surrender.

NOW fly, Discretion, to my Aid,
See haughty *Myra*, fair and bright,

In all the Pomp of Love array'd;

Ah how I tremble at her Sight!

She comes! She comes! Before her all

Mankind do's prostrate fall.

Love, a Destroyer fierce and young,

Adventrous, terrible, and strong,

Cruel and rash, delighting still to vex,

Sparing nor Age nor Sex,

Commands

Commands in chief: Well fortify'd he lies,
And from her Lips, her Cheeks, her Eyes,
All Opposition he defies.

Reason, Love's old inveterate Foe,
Scarce ever reconcil'd 'till now,

Reason assists her too.

A wife Commander he, for Council fit,
But nice and coy, nor has been seen to fit
In modern Synods, nor appear'd of late
In Courts, or Camps, or in Affairs of State;

Reason proclaims 'em all his Foes,
Who such resistless Charms oppose.

My very Bosom Friends make War
Within my Breast, and in her Int'rests are;
Esteem and Judgment with strong Fancy join,
To call the fair Invader in;

My darling Favourite, Inclination too,
All, all conspiring with the Foe!

Ah!

Ah! whither shall I fly to hide
 My Weakness from the Conqueror's Pride?
 Now, now, Discretion be my Guide!
 But see, this mighty *Archimedes* too
 Surrenders now;
 Presuming longer to resist,
 His very Name
 Discretion must disclaim,
 Folly and Madness only wou'd persist.

TO M R A. S O N G.

I'LL tell her the next time, said I:
 In vain! in vain! for when I try [die.
 Upon my timorous Tongue the trembling Accents
 Alas! a thousand thousand Fears
 Still over-awe when she appears,
 My Breath is spent in Sighs, my Eyes are drown'd
 [in Tears.
 To

To MYRA. *Loving at first Sight.*

I.

NO warning of th'approaching Flame,
Swiftly like sudden Death it came,
Like Travellers by Lightning kill'd,
I burnt the Moment I beheld.

II.

In whom so many Charms are plac'd,
Is with a Mind as nobly grac'd;
The Case, so shining to behold,
Is fill'd with richest Gems and Gold.

III.

To what my Eyes admir'd before,
I add a thousand Graces more;
And Fancy blows into a Flame
The Spark, that from her Beauty came.

IV. The

IV.

The Object thus improv'd by Thought,
 By my own Image I am caught :
Pygmalion so, with fatal Art,
 Polish'd the Form that stung his Heart.

To M Y R A.

I.

W H E N wilt thou break, my stubborn ^{[Heart?}
 O Death, how flow to take my part!
 Whatever I pursue, denies,
 Death, Death it self, like *Myra* flies.

II.

Love and Despair, like Twins, possess
 At the same fatal Birth my Breast;
 No Hope could be, her Scorn was all
 That to my destin'd Lot cou'd fall.

III.

I thought, alas! that Love cou'd dwell
But in warm Climes, where no Snow fell;
Like Plants, that kindly Heat require,
To be maintain'd by constant Fire.

IV.

That without Hope 'twou'd die as soon,
A little Hope — But I have none:

On Air the poor *Camelions* thrive,
Deny'd even that, my Love can live.

V.

As toughest Trees in Storms are bred,
And grow in spite of Winds, and spread,
The more the Tempest tears and shakes
My Love, the deeper Root it takes.

VI.

Despair, that *Aconite* do's prove,
And certain Death to other's Love,

That

That Poison, never yet withstood,
Do's nourish mine, and turns to Food.

VII.

O! for what Crime is my torn Heart
Condemn'd to suffer deathless Smart?
Like sad *Prometheus*, thus to lye
In endless Pain, and never dye.

In Praise of MYRA.

I.

TUNE, tune thy Lyre; begin, my Muse;
[wilt thou chuse?
What Nymph, what Queen, what Goddess
Whose Praises sing? what Charmer's Name
Transmit immortal down to Fame?
Strike, strike thy Strings; let Echo take the Sound,
And bear it far, to all the Mountains round:

Pyndus

Pyndus again shall hear, again rejoice,
And *Hemus* too, as when th' enchanting Voice
Of tuneful *Orpheus* charm'd the Grove,

Taught Oaks to dance, and made the Cedars

[move.

II.

Nor *Venus*, nor *Diana*, will we name,

Myra is *Venus*, and *Diana* too;

All that was feign'd of them, compar'd to her, is true:

Then sing, my Muse, let *Myra* be our Theme.

As when the Shepherds wou'd a Garland

They search with Pains the fragrant Meadows

[make,

Plucking but here and there, and only take

[round,

The sweetest Flowers, with which some Nymph

In framing *Myra* so divinely fair,

[is crown'd:

Nature has taken the same Care,

All that is lovely, noble, good, we see,

All, beauteous *Myra*, all bound up in thee.

E

III. Where

Where *Myra* is, there is the Queen of Love,
 Th' *Arcadian* Pastures, and the *Cyprian* Grove:
 When *Myra* walks, so charming is her Meen,
 In ev'ry Motion ev'ry Grace is seen:
 When *Myra* speaks, so just's the Sense and strong,
 So sweet the Voice, 'tis like the Muses Song.
 Place me on Mountains of eternal Snow,
 Where all is Ice, all Winter Winds that blow,
 Or cast me underneath the burning Line
 Where everlasting Sun does shine,
 Where all is scorch'd — Whatever you decree,
 Ye Gods! where-ever I shall be,
Myra shall still be lov'd, and still ador'd by me.



My LADY HIDE,

Sitting for Her PICTURE.

WHILE *Kneller* with inimitable Art
 Attempts that Face, whose Print's on ev'ry
 The Poet with a Pencil less confin'd [Heart,
 Shall draw her Virtues, and describe her Mind,
 Unlock the Shrine, and to the Sight unfold
 The secret Gems, and all the inward Gold.
 Two only Patterns do the Muses name
 Of perfect Beauty, but of guilty Fame;
 A *Venus* and a *Hellen* have been seen,
 Both perjur'd Wives, the Goddess and the Queen.
 In this, the Third, are reconcil'd at last
 Those jarring Attributes of Fair and Chast.
 This dazzling Beauty is a lovely Case
 Of shining Virtue, spotless as her Face,

With Graces that attract, but not ensnare,
Divinely good, as she's divinely fair:

With Beauty nor affected, vain, nor proud,

With Greatness easie, affable and good.

Others, by guilty Artifice, and Arts

Of promis'd Kindness, practise on our Hearts,

With Expectation blow the Passion up;

She fans the Fire without one Gale of Hope:

Like the chaste Moon, she shines to all Mankind,

But to *Endymion* is her Love confin'd.

What cruel Destiny on Beauty waits,

When on one Face depend so many Fates!

Oblig'd by Honour to relieve but One,

Unhappy Men by Thousands are undone.



Written

Written in a Garden in the North.

What Charm is this, that in the midst of Snow,
Of Storms and Blasts, the noblest Fruits ^[do grow?]

Mellons on Beds of Ice are taught to bear,

And Strangers to the Sun, yet ripen here:

On frozen Ground the sweetest Flowers arise,

Unseen by any Light but *Flavia's* Eyes:

Where-e'er she treads, beneath the Charmer's Feet

The Rose, the Jasmin, and the Lillies meet:

Where-e'er she looks, behold some sudden Birth

Adorns the Trees, and fructifies the Earth:

In midst of Mountains and unfruitful Ground,

As rich an *Eden* as the first is found.

In this new Paradice she reigns in State

With Sov'reign Pride, disdainful of a Mate,

Like the first Charmer fair, but not so frail,
 Against whose Virtue all Temptations fail:
 Beneath those Beams that scorch us from her Eyes,
 Her snowy Bosom still unmelted lies;
 Love from her Lips spreads all his Odours round,
 But bears on Ice, and springs from frozen Ground.
 So cold the Clyme that can such Wonders bear,
 The Garden seems an Emblem of the Fair.

TO DAPHNE.

A *Roman* and a *Greek* our Praise divide,
 Nor can we yet who best deserv'd, decide:
 Behold two mightier Conquerors appear,
 Some for your Wit, some for your Eyes declare,
 Debates arise which captivates us most,
 And none can tell the Charm by which he's lost.
 The

The Bow and Quiver does *Diana* bear,
Cybel the Lions, *Pallas* has the Spear,
Poets such Emblems to their Gods assign,
Hearts bleeding by the Dart, and Pen, be thine.

To a very Learned Young Lady.

LOVE, like a Tyrant whom no Laws constrain,
Now for some Ages kept the World in Pain;
Beauty by vast Destructions got Renown,
And Lovers only by their Rage were known;—
But *Delia*, more auspicious to Mankind,
Conqu'ring the Heart, as much instructs the Mind;
Blest in the Fate of her victorious Eyes,
Seeing, we love, and hearing, we grow wise:
So *Rome*, for Wisdom as for Conquest fam'd,
Improv'd with Arts whom she by Arms had tam'd.

Above the Clouds is plac'd this glorious Light,
 Nothing lyes hid from her enquiring Sight;
Athens and *Rome* for Arts restor'd rejoice,
 Their Language takes new Musick from her Voice.
 Learning and Love in the same Seat we find,
 So bright her Form, and so adorn'd's her Mind.

Long has *Minerva* govern'd in the Skies,
 But now descends, confest to human Eyes:
 Behold in *Delia* that inspiring Queen
 Whom learned *Athens* so ador'd unseen.

*THIRSI*S and *DELIA*.

Thir. **D***elia*, how long must I despair,
 And tax you with Disdain,
 Still to my tender Love severe,
 Untouch'd when I complain?

Del.

Del. When Men of equal Merit love us,
And do with equal Ardour sue,
Thirsis, you know but one can move us;
Can I be yours and *Strephon's* too?
My Eyes view both with mighty Pleasure,
Impartial to your high Desert,
To both a like Esteem I measure,
To one alone can give my Heart.

Thir. Myſterious Guide of Inclination,
Tell me, Tyrant, why am I,
With equal Merit, equal Paſſion,
Thus the Victim choſen to die?
Why am I
The Victim choſen to die?

Del. On Fate alone depends Succeſs,
And Fancy Reaſon over-rules,

Or,

Or, why shou'd Virtue ever miss
 Reward, so often given to Fools?
 'Tis not the Valiant, nor the Witty,
 But who alone is born to please,
 Love does predestinate our Pity;
 We chuse but whom he first decrees.

My Lady HYDE.

WHen fam'd *Apelles* fought to frame
 Some Image of th' *Idalian* Dame,
 To furnish Graces for the Piece
 He summon'd all the Nymphs of *Greece*;
 So many Mortals were combin'd,
 To show how one Immortal shin'd.
 Had *Hyde* thus sat by Proxy too,
 As *Venus* then was said to do,

Venus

Venus her self, and all the Train
Of Goddesses, had summon'd been;
The Painter must have search'd the Skies,
To match the Lustre of her Eyes.

Comparing then, while thus we view
The ancient *Venus*, and the New,
In Her we many Mortals see,
As many Goddesses in Thee.

*An APOLOGY for an unseasonable
Surprize.*

FAirest *Zelinda*, cease to chide, or grieve,
Nor blush at Joys that only you can give.
Who with bold Eyes survey'd those matchless
[Charms,
Is punish'd, seeing in another's Arms.

With

With greedy Looks he views each naked Part,
 Joy feeds his Sight, but Envy tears his Heart.
 So caught was *Mars*, and *Mercury* aloud
 Proclaim'd his Grief, that he was not the God:
 So to be caught was ev'ry God's Desire;
 Nor less than *Venus* can *Zelinda* fire.
 Forgive him then, thou more than Heav'nly fair,
 Forgive his Rashness, punish'd by Despair.
 All that we know which wretched Mortals feel
 In those sad Regions where the Tortur'd dwell,
 Is that they see the Raptures of the Blest,
 And view the Joys that they must never taste.

MYRA SINGING.

THE *Syrens*, once deluded, vainly charm'd;
 Ty'd to the Mast, *Ulysses* sail'd un-harm'd:
 Had *Myra*'s Voice entic'd his list'ning Ear,
 The *Greek* had stopt, and wou'd have dy'd to hear.

When *Myra* sings, we seek th' enchanting Sound,
And bless the Notes, that can so sweetly wound:
What Musick needs must dwell upon that Tongue,
Whose Speech is tuneful as another's Song?
Such Harmony, such Wit, a Face so fair,
So many pointed Arrows, who can bear?
Who from her Wit, or from her Beauty flies,
If with her Voice she overtakes him, dies.
Like Soldiers so in Battel we succeed,
One Peril scaping, by another bleed;
In vain the Dart or glittering Sword we shun,
Condemn'd to perish by the slaught'ring Gun.

MYRA in her Riding Habit.

WHEN *Myra* in her Sex's Garb we see,
The Queen of Beauty then she seems to be;
Now, fair *Adonis*, in this Male-disguise,
Or *Cupid*, killing with his Mother's Eyes:

No Stile of Empire chang'd by this remove,
 Who seem'd the Goddess, seems the God of Love.

SONG to MYRA.

Forsaken of my kindly Stars,
 Within this melancholy Grove

I waste my Days and Nights in Tears,

A Victim to ungrateful Love.

The Happy still untimely end,

Death flies from Grief, or why shou'd I

So many Hours in Sorrow spend,

Wishing, alas! in vain to die?

Ye Pow'rs! take Pity of my Pain,

This, only this, is my Desire;

Ah! take from *Myra* her Disdain,

Or let me with this Sigh expire.

SONG

SONG to MYRA.

WHY shou'd a Heart so tender break?
O Myra! give its Anguish Ease:

The Use of Beauty you mistake,
Not meant to vex, but please.

Those Lips for smiling were design'd,
That Bosom to be prest,

Your Eyes to languish and look kind,
For am'rous Arms your Waste:

Each thing has its appointed Right
Establish'd by the Powers above;

The Sun and Stars give Warmth and Light,
The Fair distribute Love.

TO

To M Y R A.

NATURE indulgent, provident, and kind,
 In all things that excell some Use design'd;
 The radiant Sun, of ev'ry Heav'nly Light
 The first, did *Myra* not dispute that Right,
 Sends from above ten thousand Blessings down,
 Nor is he set so high for Show alone;
 His Beams reviving with auspicious Fire,
 Freely we all enjoy what all admire.
 The Moon and Stars, those faithful Guides of ^{[Night,}
 Are plac'd to help, not entertain, the Sight.
 Plants, Fruits, and Flow'rs, the fertile Fields ^{[produce,}
 Not for vain Ornament, but wholsome Use;
 Health they restore, and Nourishment they give,
 We see with Pleasure, but we taste to live.

Then

Then think not, *Myra*, that thy Form was meant
 More to create Desire, than to content;
 Wou'd the just Gods so many Charms provide
 Only to gratifie a Mortal's Pride?
 Wou'd they have rais'd thee so above thy Sex,
 Only to play the Tyrant, and to vex?
 'Tis impious Pleasure to delight in Harm,
 And Beauty shou'd be kind, as well as charm.

M Y R A's P A R R O T.

[and coy,
IN those first Times, when Nymphs were rude
 The Gods, disguis'd, laid Ambushes for Joy;
 From *Jove* in Feathers, harmless to the Sight,
Leda, without a Blush, accepts Delight.
Myra, as chaste as *Leda*, and more fair,
 Forgive an anxious Lover's jealous Care,

F

And

And O take heed, for if such Tales were true,
 The Gods may practise these Designs on you;
 Their Heav'n and all their Brightness they will quit
 For any Form, that may to you admit.
 See, how the wanton Bird, at ev'ry Glance,
 Spreads his gay Plumes, and feels an am'rous ^{[Trance;}
 Prest by that Hand, he melts at ev'ry Touch;
 Prest by that Hand, who wou'd not melt as much?
 The Queen of Beauty shall forsake the Dove,
 Henceforth the Parrot be the Bird of Love.

T O M Y R A.

Since Truth and Constancy are vain,
 Since neither Love, nor Sense of Pain,
 Nor Force of Reason, can persuade,
 Then let Example be obey'd.

In Courts, and Cities, cou'd you see
How well the wanton Fools agree,
Were all the Curtains drawn, you'd find
Scarce one, perhaps, but who is kind.

Minerva, naked from above
With *Venus*, and the Wife of *Jove*,
Exposing ev'ry Beauty bare,
Descended to the *Trojan* Heir;
Yet this was she whom Poets name
Goddeſs of Chastity and Fame.

Penelope, her Lord away,
Gave am'rous Audiences all Day;
Now round the Bowl the Suitors sit,
With Wine provoking Mirth and Wit:
Then down they take the stubborn Bow;
Their Strength, it seems, she needs must know:
Thus

Thus twenty chearful Winters past,
 She's yet immortaliz'd for Chaste.

Smile *Myra* then, reward my Flame;
 And be as much secure of Fame:
 By all those matchless Beauties fir'd,
 By my own matchless Love inspir'd,
 So will I sing, such Wonders write,
 That when th' astonish'd World shall cite
 A Nymph of spotless Worth and Fame,
Myra shall be th' immortal Name.

The DISCOVERY. To the Countess of N——

With *Myra's* Charms, and my extream De-
 [spair,
 [Ear,
 Long has my Muse amaz'd the Reader's
 My Friends with Pity heard the mournful Sound,
 And all enquir'd who gave the fatal Wound;

Th' astonish'd World beheld an endless Flame,
Ne'er to be quencht, and knew not whence it came:
So scatter'd Fire from burning *Ætna* flies,
Yet none can tell from whence those Flames arise.

My timorous Tongue, still trembling to confess,
Fearful to name, wou'd fain have had her guess;
Slight Passions with great Ease we can unfold,
Were my Love less, my Tongue had been more ^{[bold;}
But who can live, and endless Torments feel?
Compell'd by Racks, the most Resolv'd reveal
Those Secrets, that their Prudence wou'd conceal.
My weeping Muse, oppress'd with hopeless Vows,
Flies to her Feet, and thus for Mercy bows.

Survey your self, and then forgive your Slave,
Think what a Passion such a Form must have;

Who can, unmov'd, behold that heav'nly Face,
 Those radiant Eyes, and that resistless Grace?
 My Vows to *Myra* all were meant to Thee,
 The Praise, the Love, the matchless Constancy.
 'Twas thus of old, when all th'immortal Dames
 Were grac'd by Poets, each with sev'ral Names;
 For *Venus*, *Cytheréa* was invok'd,
 Altars for *Pallas*, to *Athéna* smok'd:
 Such Names were theirs; and thou the most Divine,
 Most lov'd of Heav'nly Beauties, *Myra's* Thine.

MYRA at a Review.

LET meaner Beauties conquer singly still,
 But haughty *Myra* will by thousands kill,
 Thro' armed Ranks triumphantly she drives,
 And with one Glance commands ten thousand
 The trembling Heroes nor resist nor fly, [Lives;
 But at the Head of all their Squadrons die.

TO MYRA.

I.

SO calm and so serene but now,
What means this Change on *Myra's* Brow?
Her agonish Love now glows and burns,
Then chills and shakes, and the cold Fit returns.

II.

Mockt with deluding Looks and Smiles,
When on her Pity I depend,
My airy Hope she soon beguiles,
And laughs, to see my Torments never end.

III.

So up the steepy Hill with Pain
The weighty Stone is rowl'd in vain,
Which having touch'd the Top, recoils,
And leaves the Lab'rer to renew his Toils.

To M Y R A.

THoughtful Nights, and restless Waking,
 O the Pains that we endure!
 Broken Faith, unkind Forfaking,
 Ever doubting, never sure,
 Hopes deceiving, vain Endeavours,
 What a Race has Love to run!
 False Proteſting, fleeting Favours,
 Ev'ry, ev'ry way, undone.
 Still complaining, and defending,
 Both to love, yet not agree,
 Fears tormenting, Paſſion rending,
 O the Pangs of Jealouſie!
 From ſuch painful Ways of living,
 Ah how ſweet, cou'd Love be free!
 Still preſenting, full receiving
 Fierce, immortal Extalie.

To

TO MYRA SONG.

PRepar'd to rail, resolv'd to part,
When I approach the Perjur'd Maid,
What is it awes my timorous Heart?
Why is my Tongue afraid?
With the least Glance a little kind,
Such wond'rous Pow'r have *Myra's* Charms,
She calms my Doubts, enslaves my Mind,
And all my Rage disarms.
Forgetful of her broken Vows,
When gazing on that Form divine
Her injur'd Vassal trembling bows,
Nor dares her Slave repine.

To

To MYRA. The Enchantment.

*In Imitation of the PHARMACEUTRIA of
THEOCRITUS.*

MIX, mix the Philters — Quick — ^{[she flies,} she flies,
Deaf to my Call, regardless of my Cries.
Are Vows so vain? Cou'd Oaths so feeble prove?
Ah with what Ease she breaks those Chains of Love!
Whom Love with all his Arts had bound in vain,
Let Charms compell, and Magick Rites regain.
Begin, begin, the mystick Spells prepare,
Bring *Myra* back, my perjur'd Wanderer.
Queen of the Night, bright Empress of the Stars,
The Friend of Love, assist a Lover's Cares:
And thou, Infernal *Hecatè*, be nigh,
At whose Approach fierce Wolves affrighted fly,

Dark

Dark Tombs disclose their Dead, and hollow Cries
Eccho from under Ground ; Arise, arise.

Begin, begin, the mystick Spells prepare,

Bring *Myra* back, my perjur'd Wanderer.

As crackling in the Fire this Lawrel lyes,

So struggling in Love's Flame her Lover dies:

It bursts, and in a Blaze of Light expires;

So may she burn, but with more lasting Fires.

Begin, begin, the mystick Spells prepare,

Bring *Myra* back, my perjur'd Wanderer.

As the Wax melts that to the Flame I hold,

So may she melt, but never more grow cold;

Pliant and warm may still her Heart remain,

Soft for the Print, but ne'er turn hard again.

Tough Ir'n will yield, and stubborn Marble run,

And hardest Hearts by Love are melted down.

Begin, begin, the mystick Spells prepare,

Bring *Myra* back, my perjur'd Wanderer.

As

As with impetuous Motion whirl'd apace,
This magick Wheel still moves, yet keeps its place,
Ever returning: So may she come back,
And never more th'appointed Round forsake.

Begin, begin, the mystick Spells prepare,
Bring *Myra* back, my perjur'd Wanderer.
Diana, hail! all hail! Most welcome Thou,
To whom th'infernal King and Judges bow;
O thou who canst the Pow'rs of Hell perswade,
Now try thy Charms upon a faithless Maid.

Hark! the Dogs bark! She comes, the Goddess
Sound, sound aloud, and beat our brazen Drums. ^[comes:]

Begin, begin, the mystick Spells prepare,
Bring *Myra* back, my perjur'd Wanderer.
How calm's the Sky! how undisturb'd the Deep!
Nature is hush'd, the very Tempests sleep,
The drowzy Winds breath gently thro' the Trees,
And silent on the Beach repose the Seas:

Love

Love only wakes: The Storm that tears my Breast
For ever rages, and distracts my Rest:

O Love! Relentless Love! Tyrant accurst!
In Desarts bred, by cruel Tygers nurs't!

Begin, begin, the mystick Spells prepare,
Bring *Myra* back, my perjur'd Wanderer.
This Ribban that once bound her lovely Waste,
O that my Arms might gird her there as fast!
Smiling she gave it, and I priz'd it more
Than the rich Zone th' *Idalian* Goddess wore;
This Ribban, this lov'd Relick of the Fair,
So kiss'd, and so preserv'd, — Thus, thus I tear,
O Love! why dost thou thus delight to rend
My Soul with Pain? Ah why torment thy Friend!

Begin, begin, the mystick Spells prepare,
Bring *Myra* back, my perjur'd Wanderer.
Thrice have I sacrific'd, and prostrate thrice
Ador'd: Assist, ye Pow'rs, the Sacrifice.

Who-e'er

Who-e'er he is, whom now the Fair beguiles
 With guilty Glances, and with perjur'd Smiles,
 Malignant Vapours blast his impious Head,
 Ye Lightnings scorch him, Thunder strike him ^{[dead,}
 Horror of Conscience all his Slumbers break,
 Distract his Rest, as Love keeps me awake;
 If marry'd, may his Wife a *Hellen* be,
 And curst and scorn'd, like *Menelaüs* he.

Begin, begin, the mystick Spells prepare,
 'Bring *Myra* back, my perjur'd Wanderer.
 These pow'rful Drops thrice on the Threshold
 And bathe with this enchanted Juice her Door, ^{[pour,}
 That Door where no Admittance now is found,
 But where my Soul is ever hovering round.
 Haste, and obey: And binding be the Spell.
 Here ends my Charm: O Love succeed it well!
 By force of Magick stop the flying Fair,
 Bring *Myra* back, my perjur'd Wanderer.

Thou'rt

Thou'rt now alone; and painful is Restraint:
Ease thy prest Heart, and give thy Sorrows Vent,
Whence sprang, and how began these Griefs, de-
How much thy Love, how cruel thy Despair.^{[clare,}

Ye Moon and Stars, by whose auspicious Light
I haunt these Groves, and waste the tedious Night,

Tell, for you know the Burthen of my Heart,
Its killing Anguish, and its secret Smart.

Too late for Hope, for my Repose too soon,
I saw, and lov'd: Her Heart engag'd, was gone:
A happier Man possess'd whom I adore;
O I shou'd ne'er have seen, or seen before.

Tell, for you know the Burthen of my Heart,
Its killing Anguish, and its secret Smart.

What shall I do? Shall I in Silence bear,
Destroy my self, or kill the Ravisher?

Die,

Die, wretched Lover, die: But ah beware,
Hurt not the Man who is belov'd by her;
Wait for a better Hour, and trust thy Fate:
Thou seek'st her Love, beget not then her Hate.
Tell, for you know the Burthen of my Heart,
Its killing Anguish, and its secret Smart.
My Life consuming with eternal Grief,
From Herbs and Spells I seek a vain Relief;
To ev'ry wise Magician I repair,
In vain! for still I love, and I despair.
Circe, Medea, and the Sybil Books,
Contain not half th' Enchantment of her Looks.
Tell, for you know the Burthen of my Heart,
Its killing Anguish, and its secret Smart.
As melted Gold preserves its Weight the same,
So burnt my Love, nor wasted in the Flame.
And now unable to support the Strife,
A glimmering Hope recalls departing Life;

My Rival dying, I no longer grieve,
Since I may ask, and she with Honour give.

Tell, for you know the Burthen of my Heart,
Its killing Anguish, and its secret Smart.

Witness ye Hours, with what unweary'd Care,
From Place to Place I still pursu'd the Fair.

Nor was Occasion to reveal my Flame
Slow to my Succour, for it swiftly came:

It came, it came, that moment of Delight,
O Gods! And how I trembled at her Sight!

Tell, for you know the Burthen of my Heart,
Its killing Anguish, and its secret Smart.

Dismay'd and motionless, confus'd, amaz'd,
Trembling I stood, and terrify'd I gaz'd;

My falt'ring Tongue in vain for Utt'rance try'd,
Faint was my Voice, my Thoughts abortive dy'd,

Or in weak Sounds and broken Accents came
Imperfect, as Discourses in a Dream.

G

Tell,

Tell, for you know the Burthen of my Heart,
Its killing Anguish, and its secret Smart.

Soon she divin'd what this Confusion meant,
And guess'd with Ease the Cause of my Complaint:
My Tongue emboldning as her Looks were mild,
At length I told my Grievs — And still she smil'd.
O Syren, Syren, fair Deluder say

Why would you tempt to trust, and then betray?
So faithless now, why gave you Hopes before?
Alas! you shou'd have been less kind, or more.

Tell, for you know the Burthen of my Heart,
Its killing Anguish, and its secret Smart.

Secure of Innocence, I seek to know
From whence this Change, and my Misfortunes ^{[grow;}
Rumour is loud, and every Voice proclaims
Her violated Faith, and conscious Flames.

Can this be true? Ah flattering Mischief, speak,
Can you make Vows, and in a Moment break?

And

And can the Space so very narrow be
Betwixt a Woman's Oath, and Perjury.
O Jealousie! All other Ills at first
My Love essay'd, but thou art sure the worst!
Tell, for you know the Burthen of my Heart,
Its killing Anguish, and its secret Smart.
Ungrateful *Myra*! Urge me thus no more,
Nor think me tame, that once so long I bore:
Tho' now by Philters I'd avert thy Change,
The Philters failing, Poison shall revenge:
Already stands prepar'd the deadly Draught,
Of an *Assyrian* was the Secret bought:
For whom that Draught? Ah feeble Rage and vain!
With how secure a Brow she mocks my Pain?
Thy Heart, fond Lover, does thy Threats belie,
Canst thou hurt her, for whom thou yet wou'dst die?
Nor durst she thus thy just Resentment brave,
But that she knows how much thy Soul's her Slave.

But see! *Aurora* rising with the Sun
 Dissolves my Charm, and frees th'enchanted Moon,
 My Spells no longer bind at Sight of Day,
 And young *Endymion* calls his Love away.
 Love's the Reward of all, on Earth, in Heav'n,
 And for a Plague, to me alone, was giv'n.
 Evils we cannot shun we must endure,
 Death and a broken Heart's a ready Cure.
Cynthia farewell, go rest thy weary Light,
 I must for ever wake — We'll meet again at Night.

To MYRA. The Vision.

IN lonely Walks, distracted by Despair,
 Shunning Mankind, and torn with killing Care,
 My Eyes o'erflowing, and my frantick Mind
 Rackt with wild Thoughts, swelling with Sighs the ^{[Wind,}
 Thro'

Thro' Paths untrodden, Day and Night I rove,
Mourning the Fate of my fuccefsless Love.

Who moft desire to Live, untimely fall;
But when we beg to die, Death flies our Call.

Adonis dies, and torn is the lov'd Breast
In midft of Joy, where *Venus* wont to reft:

The Fate, that cruel feem'd to him, would be
Pity, Relief, and Happinefs to me.

When will my Sorrows end? In vain, in vain
I call to Heav'n, and tell the Gods my Pain;

The Gods averfe, like *Myra*, to my Pray'r,
Confernt to doom, whom ſhe denies to spare.

Why do I feek for foreign Aids, when I
Bear ready by my Side the Pow'r to die?

Be keen, my Sword, and ſerve thy Maſter well,
Heal Wounds with Wounds, and Love with Death

Strait up I roſe; and to my aking Breast, [repel.

My Boſom bare, the pointed Blade I preſt,

When lo! astonish'd! an unusual Light
 Pierc'd the thick Shade, and all around grew bright,
 My dazl'd Eyes a radiant Form behold,
 Splendid with Light, like Beams of burning Gold,
 Eternal Rays his shining Temples grace,*
 Eternal Youth sat blooming on his Face;
 Trembling I listen, prostrate on the Ground,
 His Breath perfumes the Grove, and Musick's in
 [the Sound.

Cease Lover, cease thy tender Heart to vex
 In fruitless Complaints of an ungrateful Sex;
 In Fate's eternal Volumes it is writ,
 That Women ever shall be Foes to Wit:
 With proper Arts their sickly Minds command,
 And please 'em with the Things they understand,
 With noisie Fopperies their Hearts assail,
 Renounce all Sense; how shou'd thy Songs pre-
 When I, the God of Wit, so oft cou'd fail? }
[vail,

* *Apollo.*

Remem-

Remember me; and in my Story find
How vainly Merit pleads to Womankind.
I by whom all things shine, who tune the Sphears,
Create the Day, and gild the Night with Stars,
Whose Youth and Beauty from all Ages past
Sprang with the World, and with the World ^{[last,} shall
How oft with fruitless Tears have I implor'd
Ungrateful Nymphs? And, tho' a God, ador'd?
When cou'd my Wit, my Beauty, or my Youth,
Move one hard Heart? Or mov'd, secure its Truth?
Here a proud Nymph with painful Steps I chase,
The Winds out-flying in our nimble Race;
Stay *Daphnè*, stay — In vain, in vain I try
To stop her Speed, redoubling at my Cry,
O'er craggy Rocks and rugged Hills she climbs,
And tears on pointed Flints her tender Limbs;
But caught at length, just as my Arms I fold,
Turn'd to a Tree, she yet escapes my Hold.

In my next Love a different Fate I find,
 Ah! which is worse, the False, or the Unkind?
 Forgetting *Daphnè*, I *Corónis* chose,
 A kinder Nymph — too kind for my Repose.
 The Joys I give but more enflame her Breast,
 She keeps a private Drudge to quench the rest;
 How, and with whom, the very Birds proclaim*
 Her black Pollution, and reveal my Shame.
 Hard Lot of Beauty! fatally bestow'd,
 Or given to the False, or to the Proud;
 By sev'ral Ways they bring us equal Pain,
 The False betray us, and the Proud disdain.
 Scorn'd! and abus'd! from mortal Loves I fly,
 To seek more Truth in my own Native Sky;
Venus, the fairest of immortal Loves,
 Bright as my Beams, and gentle as her Doves,
 With glowing Eyes, confessing hot Desires,
 She summons Heav'n and Earth to quench her ^{[Fires,}

** Discover'd by a Crow.

Me

Me she excludes: And I in vain adore
Who neither God nor Man refus'd before:
Vulcan, the very Monster of the Skies,
Vulcan she takes, the God of Wit denies.
Then cease to murmur at thy *Myra's* Pride,
Whimsie, not Reason, is the Female Guide:
The Fate of which their Master does complain
Is of bad Omen to th' inspired Train.
What Vows have fail'd! Hark how ^{[mourns,} *Catullus*
How *Ovid* weeps, and flighted *Gallus* burns.
In melting Strains see gentle *Waller* bleed,
Unmov'd she hears, what none unmov'd can read.
And thou, who oft with such ambitious Choice
Hast rais'd to *Myra* thy aspiring Voice,
What Profit thy neglected Zeal repays?
Ah what Return? Ungrateful to thy Praise!
Change, change thy Stile, with mortal Rage return
Unjust Disdain, and Pride oppose to Scorn,

Search

Search all the Secrets of the Fair and Young,
And then proclaim, soon shall they bribe thy ^{[Tongue:}
The sharp Detractor with Success affails,
Sure to be gentle to the Man that rails;
Women like Cowards, tame to the Severe,
Are only Fierce, when they discover Fear.

Thus spake the God : And upward mounts in Air,
In just Resentment of his past Despair.
Provok'd to Vengeance, to my Aid I call
The Furies round, and dip my Pens in Gall;
Not one shall scape of all the coz'ning Sex,
Vex'd shall they be, who so delight to vex.
In vain I try, in vain to Vengeance move,
My gentle Muse, so us'd to tender Love;
Such Magick rules my Heart, whate'er I write
Turns all to soft Complaint, and am'rous Flight.

Begone,

Begone, fond Thoughts, begone; be bold, said I,
Satyr's thy Theme — In vain again I try.
So charming *Myra* to each Sense appears,
My Soul adores, my Rage dissolves in Tears.
So the gaul'd Lion smarting with his Wound
Threatens his Foes, and makes the Forest sound,
With his strong Teeth he bites the bloody Dart,
And tears his Side with more provoking Smart,
'Till having spent his Voice in fruitless Cries,
He lays him down, breaks his proud Heart, and dies.

SONG. For *M T R A*.

Here end my Chains, and Thraldom cease,
If not in Joy, I'll live in Peace.
Since for the Pleasures of an Hour
We must endure an Age of Pain,

Pll

I'll be this abject Thing no more,

Love, give me back my Heart again.

Despair tormented first my Breast,

Now Fallhood, - a more cruel Guest.

O, for the Peace of Human-kind,

Make Women longer true, or sooner kind;

With Justice or with Mercy reign,

O Love! or give me back my Heart again.

D E A T H.

I.

ENough, enough my Soul, of worldly Noise,
Of æery Poms, and fleeting Joys,
What does this busie World provide at best,
But brittle Goods that break like Glasse,

But

But poison'd Sweets, a troubled Feast,
[pass.
And Pleasures like the Winds that in a Moment
Thy Thoughts to nobler Meditations give,
And study how to die, not how to live.

II.

How frail is Beauty! Ah how vain

And how short-liv'd those Glories are

That vex our Days and Nights with Pain,

And break our Hearts with Care!

In Dust we no Distinction see,

Such *Hellen* is, such *Myra* thou must be.

III.

How short is Life! Why will vain Courtiers toil

And crowd a vainer Monarch for a Smile?

What is that Monarch but a Mortal Man,

His Crown a Pageant, and his Life a Span?

With all his Guards, and his Dominions, he

Must sicken too, and die, as well as we.

IV. Those

But

IV.

Those boasted Names of Conquerors and Kings
 Are swallow'd, and become forgotten things:
 One destin'd Period Men in common have,
 The Great, the Vile, the Coward, and the Brave,
 Are Food alike for Worms, Companions in the ^[Grave.]
 The Prince and Parasite together lye,
 No Fortune can exalt, but Death will climb as high.

*Sent the Author into the Country.**Written by a LADY.*

WHY, *Granville*, is thy Life confin'd
 To Shades? Thou, whom the Gods ^[design'd]
 In Publick, to do Credit to Mankind!
 Why sleeps the noble Ardor of thy Blood,
 Which from thy Ancestors so many Ages past,

From

From *Rollo* down to *Bevil* flow'd,

And then appear'd again at last

In thee, when thy victorious Lance *

Bore the disputed Prize from all the Youth of

In the first Trials that are made for Fame,

Those to whom Fate Success denies,

If taking Council from their Shame

They modestly retreat, are wise:

But why shou'd you who still succeed

In all you do, whether with graceful Art you lead

The fiery Barb, or with as graceful Motion tread

In shining Balls, where all agree

To give the highest Praise and the first Place to thee.

So lov'd and prais'd, whom all admire,

Why, why shou'd you from Courts and Camps re-

If *Myra* is unkind, if it can be

That any Nymph can be unkind to thee,

* At a Caroussel at Paris, in the Year 1686.

If

If penfive made by Love you thus retire,
 Awake your Muse, and string your Lyre;
 Your tender Song and your melodious Strain
 Can never be addrest in vain,
 She needs must love, and we shall have you back [again.]

Occasion'd by the foregoing.

[Strain,
W Ho-e'er thou art, who tempt'ft in such a
 Sweet is thy *Syren* Song, but fung in vain:
 When the Winds rage, and loud the Billows roar,
 What Fool will trust the Sea, and quit the Shoar?
 Early and Vain into the World I came,
 Big with false Hopes, and eager after Fame,
 'Till looking round me e'er the Race began,
 Madmen, and giddy Fools, were all that ran:
 Reclaim'd betimes, I from the Lift retire,
 And thank the Gods who my Retreat inspire.

Survey

Survey the World, and with impartial Eyes
Consider, and examine, all who rise, [Ends,
Weigh well their Actions, and their treacherous
How Greatness grows, and by what Steps ascends,
What Murders, Treasons, Perjuries, Deceit,
How many fall, to make one Monster great.
Wou'd you command? Have Fortune in your [Pow'r?
Hug whom you stab, and smile when you devour:
Be bloody, false, flatter, forswear, and lie,
Turn Pander, Pathick, Parasite, or Spy,
Such thriving Arts may your wish'd Purpose bring,
At least a General be, perhaps a King.
Fortune we most unjustly partial call,
A Mistress free, who bids alike to all,
But on such Terms as only suit the Base,
Honour denies, and shuns the foul Embrace;
The honest Man, who starves and is undone,
Not Fortune, but his Virtue, keeps him down,

H

Had

Had *Cato* bent beneath the conquering Cause,
He might have liv'd to give new *Senates* Laws;
But on vile Terms disdaining to be great,
He perish'd by his Choice, and not his Fate:
Honours and Life th' *Usurper* bids, and all
That vain mistaken Men good Fortune call,
Virtue forbids, and sets before his Eyes
An honest Death, which he accepts, and dies.
O glorious Resolution! Noble Pride!
More honour'd than the Tyrant liv'd, he dy'd,
More prais'd, more lov'd, more envy'd in his Doom,
Than *Cæsar* trampling on the Rights of *Rome*.
The Virtuous nothing fear, but Life with Shame,
And Death's a pleasant Road, that leads to Fame.
On Bones and Scraps of Dogs let me be fed,
My Limbs uncover'd, and expos'd my Head
To bleakest Colds, a Kennel be my Bed,

This,

This, and all other Martyrdom, for thee
Seems glorious all, thrice beauteous Honesty!
Fortune, and Life, depend on Fate alone,
My Honour, and my Conscience, are my own.
Ye great Disturbers, who in endless Noise,
In Blood and Horror, seek unnatural Joys,
For what is all this Bustle, but to shun
Those Thoughts, with which you dare not be alone?
As Men in Misery, oppress'd with Care,
Seek in the Rage of Wine to drown Despair.
Let others fight, and eat their Bread in Blood,
Regardless if the Cause be bad, or good,
Or cringe in Courts, depending on the Nods
Of strutting Pygmies, who wou'd pass for Gods;
For me, unpractis'd in the Courtier's School,
Who loath a Knave, and tremble at a Fool,
Who honour generous *Wycherley* oppress'd,
Possess of little, worthy of the best,

Rich in himself, in Virtue, that outshines
All but the Fame of his immortal Lines,
More than the wealthiest Lord, who helps to drain
The famish'd Land, and rowls in impious Gain,
What can I hope in Courts? Or how succeed?
Tigers and Wolves shall in the Ocean breed,
The Whale and Dolphin fatten on the Mead,
And every Element exchange its kind,
When thriving Honesty in Courts we find.
Happy the Man, of Mortals happiest he,
Whose quiet Mind from vain Desires is free,
Whom neither Hopes deceive, nor Fears torment,
But lives at Peace within himself, content,
In Thought, or Act, accountable to none
But to himself, and to the Gods alone.
O Sweetness of Content! Seraphick Joy,
That nothing wanting, nothing can destroy!

Where

Where dwells this Peace, this Freedom of the Mind?
Where, but in Shades, remote from Humankind,
In flow'ry Vales, where Nymphs and Shepherds
But never comes within the Palace-Gate. [meet,
Farewel then Cities, Courts and Camps farewell,
Welcome ye Groves, here let me ever dwell,
From Care, from Business, and Mankind remove,
All but the Muses, and inspiring Love.
How sweet the Morn! How gentle is the Night!
How calm the Evening! And the Noon how bright!
From hence, as from a Hill, I view below [show
The crowded World, that like some Wood does
Where sev'ral Wand'rers travel Day and Night
Thro' sev'ral Paths, and none are in the right.

An Imitation of the

Second Chorus in the Second Act

O F

SENECA'S THYESTES.

WHEN will the Gods, propitious to our ^{[Pray'rs,}
 Compose our Factions, and conclude our ^{[Wars!}
 Ye Sons of *Inachus* repent the Guilt
 Of Crowns usurp'd, and Blood of Parents spilt,
 For impious Greatness Vengeance is in Store,
 Short is the Date of all ill-gotten Pow'r.
 Give Ear, ambitious Princes, and be wise,
 Listen and learn wherein true Greatness lyes:
 Place not your Pride in Roofs that shine with Gems,
 In Purple Robes, nor sparkling Diadems,

Nor

Nor in Dominion, nor Extent of Land:
He's only Great, who can himself command.
Whose Guard is peaceful Innocence, whose Guide
Is faithful Reason, who is void of Pride,
Checking Ambition, nor is idly vain
Of the false Incense of a Popular Train.
Who without Strife, or Envy, can behold
His Neighbour's Plenty, and his Heaps of Gold,
Nor covets other Wealth but what we find
In the Possessions of a Virtuous Mind.
Fearless he sees, who is with Virtue crown'd,
The Tempest rage, and hears the Thunder sound,
Ever the same, let Fortune smile or frown,
Whether upon the Scaffold, or the Throne;
Serenely as he liv'd, resigns his Breath,
Meets Destiny half way, nor shrinks at Death.
Ye sovereign Lords, who sit like Gods in State,
Awing the World, and bustling to be great,

Lords but in Title, Vassals in Effect,
Whom Lust controuls, and wild Desires direct,
The Reins of Empire but such Hands disgrace
Where Passion, a blind Driver, guides the Race.
What is this Fame, thus crowded round with Slaves?
The Breath of Fools, the Bait of flatt'ring Knaves.
An honest Heart, a Conscience free from Blame,
Not of great Acts, but good, give me the Name.
In vain we plant, we build, our Stores encrease,
If Conscience roots up all our inward Peace.
What need of Arms, of Instruments of War,
Or battering Engines, that destroy from far?
The greatest King and Conqueror is he
Who Lord of his own Appetites can be,
Blest with a Power that nothing can destroy,
And all have equal Freedom to enjoy.
Whom worldly Luxury and Poms allure,
They tread on Ice, and find no Footing sure.

Place me, ye Pow'rs! in some obscure Retreat,
O keep me Innocent, make others Great;
In quiet Shades, content with rural Sports,
Give me a Life, remote from guilty Courts,
Where free from Hopes, or Fears, in humble Ease
Unheard of I may live, and die in Peace.
Happy the Man who thus retir'd from Sight
Studies himself, and seeks no other Light;
But most unhappy he, who sits on high,
Expos'd to ev'ry Tongue, and ev'ry Eye,
Whose Follies, blaz'd about, to all are known,
And are a Secret to himself alone:
Worse is an evil Fame, much worse than none.



C L O E.

C L O E.

CLOE's the Wonder of her Sex,

'Tis well her Heart is tender;

How might such killing Eyes perplex,

With Virtue to defend her!

But Nature, graciously inclin'd,

Not bent to vex but please us,

Has to her boundless Beauty join'd

A boundless Will to ease us.

On the Same.

B Right as the Day, and like the Morning fair,
Such *Cloe* is — and Common as the — Air.

On the Same.

O Injur'd Fame, and mighty Wrongs receiv'd,
Cloë complains, and wondrously'saggriev'd:
That, free, and lavish of a beauteous Face,
The fairest and the foulest of her Race,
She's mine, or thine, and stroling up and down,
Sucks in more Filth than any Sink in Town,
I not deny, This, I have said 'tis true;
What Wrong! To give so bright a Nymph her due!

C O R I N N A.

COrinna in the Bloom of Youth
Was coy to every Lover,
Regardless of the tenderest Truth,
No soft Complaint cou'd move her.

Mankind

Mankind was her's: All at her Feet
Lay prostrate and adoring,

The Witty, Handsome, Rich, and Great,
In vain alike imploring.

But now grown old, she wou'd repair

Her Loss of Time and Pleasure,

With willing Eyes, and wanton Air,

Inviting every Gazer.

But Love's a Summer Flow'r, that dies

With the first Weather's changing;

The Lover, like the Swallow, flies

From Sun to Sun, still ranging.

Myra, let this Example move

Your foolish Heart to Reason:

Youth is the proper time for Love,

And Age is Virtue's Season.

On the Same.

SO well *Corinna* likes the Joy,
She vows she'll never more be coy:
She drinks eternal Draughts of Pleasure,
Eternal Draughts will not suffice,
Ah give me, give me more, she cries,
'Tis all too little Measure.

Thus wisely she makes up for Time
Mispent, while Youth was in its Prime:
So Travellers who waste the Day
Careful and cautious of their Way,
Noting at length the setting Sun,
They mend their Pace as Night comes on,
Double their Speed to reach their Inn,
And whip and spur thro' thick and thin

BELINDA.

B E L I N D A.

B *Elinda's* Pride's an arrant Cheat;
A foolish Artifice to blind;

Some honest Glance, that scorns Deceit,
Does still reveal her native Mind.

With Look demure, and forc'd Disdain,

She idly acts the Saint;

We see thro' this Disguise, as plain

As we distinguish Paint.

The Pains she takes are vainly meant

To hide her amorous Heart,

'Tis like perfuming an ill Scent;

The Smell's too strong for Art:

So have I seen grave Fools design
With formal Looks to pass for wise:
But Nature is a Light will shine,
And break thro' all Disguise.

CLARINDA.

IN vain a thousand Slaves have try'd
To overcome *Clarinda's* Pride:
Pity pleading,
Love perswading,
When her icy Heart is thaw'd,
Honour chides, and strait she's aw'd.
Foolish Creature
Follow Nature,
Waste not thus your Prime;
Youth's a Treasure,
Love's a Pleasure,
Both destroy'd by Time.

THE

T H E S A M E.

Clarinda, with a haughty Grace,
In scornful Postures sets her Face,
And looks as she were born alone

To give us Love, and take from none.

Tho' I adore to that degree,
Clarinda, I wou'd die for thee,
If you're too proud to ease my Pain,
I am too proud for your Disdain.

C L E O R A.

Cleora has her Wish, she weds a Peer,
Her weighty Train two Pages scarce can bear,
Persia and both the *Indies* must provide
To grace her Pomp, and gratifie her Pride;

Of rich Brocard a shining Robe she wears,
And Gems surround her lovely Neck, like Stars;
Drawn by six Greys of the proud *Belgian* kind,
With a long Train of Livery Beaus behind,
She charms the Park, and sets all Hearts on Fire;
The Ladies Envy, and the Mens Desire.
Beholding thus, O happy as a Queen!
We cry: But shift the gaudy flattering Scene,
View her at home in her Domestick Light,
For thither she must come, at least at Night.
What has she there? A surly, ill-bred Lord,
That chides, and snaps her up at ev'ry Word;
A brutal Sot, who, while she holds his Head,
With drunken Filth bedawbs the Nuptial Bed:
Sick to the Heart, she breaths the nauseous Fume
Of odious Steams, that poison all the Room:
Weeping all Night the trembling Creature lyes,
And counts the tedious Hours when she may rise:

I

But

But most she fears, lest waking she shou'd find,
To make amends, the Monster wou'd be kind:
Those matchless Beauties, worthy of a God,
Must bear, tho' much averse, the loathsome Load.
What then may be the Chance that next ensues?
Some vile Disease, fresh reeking from the Stews.
The secret Venom, circling in her Veins,
Works thro' her Skin, and bursts in bloating Stains,
Her Cheeks their Freshness lose, and wonted Grace,
And an unusual Paleness spreads her Face,
Her Eyes grow dim, and her corrupted Breath
Tainting her Gums, infects her Ivory Teeth,
Of sharp nocturnal Anguish she complains,
And guiltless of the Cause, relates her Pains.
The conscious Husband, whom like Symptoms
Charges on her the Guilt of their Disease, [seize,
Affecting Fury, acts a Madman's Part,
He'll rip the fatal Secret from her Heart!

Bids her confess, calls her ten thousand Names,
In vain she kneels, she weeps, protests, exclaims,
Scarce with her Life she escapes, expos'd to Shame,
In Body tortur'd, murder'd in her Fame,
Rots with a vile Adulteress's Name,
Abandon'd by her Friends, without Defence,
And happy only in her Innocence.

Such is the Vengeance the just Gods provide
For those, who barter Liberty for Pride,
Who impiously invoke the Pow'rs above
To witness to false Vows of mutual Love.
Thousands of poor *Cleora's* may be found,
Such Husbands and such wretched Wives abound.

Ye Guardian Pow'rs, the Arbiters of Bliss,
Preserve *Clarinda* from a Fate like this:

You form'd her fair, not any Grace deny'd,
But gave, alas! a Spark too much of Pride;
Reform that Failing, and protect her still,
O save her from the Curse of chusing ill.
Deem it not Envy, or a jealous Care,
That moves these Wishes, or provokes this Pray'r,
Tho' more than Death I dread to see those Charms
Allotted to some happier Mortal's Arms;
Tormenting Thought! Yet cou'd I bear that Pain,
Or any Ill, but hearing her complain;
Intent on her, my Love forgets his own,
Nor frames one Wish, but for her sake alone,
Whome'er the Gods have destin'd to prefer,
They cannot make me wretched, blessing her.

M A C R O.

[doubt,
That *Macro's* Looks are good, let no Man
 Which I, his Friend and Servant, thus make
 On his dark Forehead a false Fiend is writ, [out.
 Let none condemn the Light that shows a Pit.
Cocles, whose Face finds Credit for his Heart,
 Who can escape so smooth a Villain's Art?
 Adorn'd with ev'ry Grace that can persuade,
 Seeing, we trust; and trusting, are betray'd!
 His Looks are Snares: But *Macro's* Cry beware,
 Believe not, tho' ten thousand Oaths he swear.
 If thou'rt deceiv'd, observing well this Rule,
 Not *Macro* is the Knave, but thou the Fool.
 In this one Point he and his Looks agree,
 As they betray their Master, so did he.

PHILLIS Drinking.

W
[Alliance,
 While *Phillis* is drinking, Love and Wine in
 With Forces united bid resistless Defiance;
 By the Touch of her Lips the Wine sparkles higher,
 And her Eyes by her drinking redouble their Fire.

[Colour;
 Her Cheeks glow the brighter; recruiting their
 As Flowers by sprinkling revive with fresh Odour;
 His Dart dipt in Wine, Love wounds beyond
 And the Liquor, like Oyl, makes the Flame [curing,
[enduring.

By Cordials of Wine, Love is kept from expiring,
 And our Mirth is enliven'd by Love and Desiring,
 Relieving each other, the Pleasure is lasting,
 And we never are cloy'd, yet are ever a tasting.

Then

Then *Phillis* begin, let our Raptures abound,
And a Kiss and a Glass be still going round;
Our Joys are immortal while thus we remove
From Love to the Bottle, from the Bottle to Love.

C E L I A.

Impatient with Desire, at last
I ventur'd to lay Forms aside:
'Twas I was modest, not she chaste;
Celia, so gently press'd, comply'd.

With idle Awe, an amorous Fool,
I gaz'd upon her Eyes with Fear;
Say Love, how came your Slave so dull
To read no better there?

Thus to our selves the greatest Foes,
 Altho' the Nymph be well enclin'd,
 For want of Courage to propose,
 By our own Folly she's unkind.

CHLORIS Perfuming her self.

C*hloris*, this costly way to stink give o'er,
 'Tis throwing Sweet into a common Shore;
 Thy Care's like his, who wasteful of Perfumes,
 Would embalm Carrion with expensive Gums.
 Not all *Arabia* would sufficient be,
 Thou smell'st not of thy Sweets, they stink of thee.

H E R V O W.

C*hloris* enrag'd, her Face all bath'd in Tears,
 Will eat her Smock, or be reveng'd, she swears.
 Fair filthy Nymph, be stedfast to thy Word,
 No little Pleasure, *Chloris*, 'twill afford
 To see thee swallow such a Feast of T——

FLAVIA.

OF two Reliefs to ease a Lovesick Mind,
Flavia prescribes Despair: I urge, be kind,
Flavia be kind: The Remedy's as sure,
 'Tis the most pleasant, and the quickest Cure.

LOVE.

LOVE is begot by Fancy, bred
 By Ignorance, by Expectation fed;
 Destroy'd by Knowledge, and at best
 Lost in the Moment 'tis possess'd.

WOMEN.

WOMEN to Cards may be compar'd: We play
 A Round or two, when us'd, we throw^{[away,}
 Take a fresh Pack, nor is it worth our grieving
 Who cuts or shuffles with our dirty leaving.

F A N C Y.

LOVE is by Fancy led about
 From Hope to Fear, from Joy to Doubt;
 Whom we now a Gooddeſs call,
 Divinely grac'd in every Feature,
 Strait's a deform'd, a perjur'd Creature:
 Love and Hate are Fancy all.

'Tis but as Fancy ſhall preſent
 Objects of Grief, or of Content,
 That the Lover's bleſt, or dies:
 Viſions of mighty Pains, or Pleaſure,
 Imagin'd Want, imagin'd Treafure:
 All in pow'rful Fancy lyes.

LIBE.

LIBERALITY.

THO' safe thou think'st thy Treasure lyes
Conceal'd in Chests from human Eyes,
A Fire may come, and it may be
Bury'd, my Friend, as far from thee.
Thy Vessel that yon Ocean stems,
Loaded with Golden Dust and Gems,
Purchas'd with so much Pains and Cost,
Yet in a Tempest may be lost.
Pimps, Whores, and Bawds, a thankless Crew,
Priests, Pick-pockets, and Lawyers too,
All help by several Ways to drain,
Thanking themselves for what they gain.
The Liberal are secure alone,
For what we frankly give, for ever is our own.

Written

Written in Clarinda's Pray'r Book.

IN vain, *Clarinda*, Night and Day
 For Mercy to the Gods you pray:
 What Arrogance on Heav'n to call
 For that, which you deny to All!

F U L V I A.

WHY pines my Dear? To *Fulvia*, his young [Bride,
 Who pensive sat, thus aged *Cornus* cry'd.
 Alas! said she, such Visions break my Rest,
 The strangest Thoughts! I think I am possess'd:
 My Symptoms I have told a Man of Skill,
 And—if I wou'd—he says—I might—be well.

Take

Take his Advice, said he, my poor dear Wife,
 I'll buy at any rate thy precious Life.
 Blushing she would excuse, but all in vain,
 A Doctor must be fetch'd to ease her Pain.
 Hard prest, she yields: From *White's*, or *Will's*, or
 No matter which, he's summon'd, and he comes.
 The careful Husband, with a kind Embrace
 Entreats his Care; then bows, and quits the Place,
 For little Ailments oft attend the Fair,
 Not decent for a Husband's Eye, or Ear.
 Something the Dame would say: The ready Knight
 Prevents her Speech — Here's that shall set you ^[right]
 Madam, said he — With that the Door's made close,
 He gives, deliciously, the healing Dose.
 Alas! she cries, Ah me! Ah cruel Cure!
 Did ever Woman yet like me endure!
 The Work perform'd: Uprising gay and light,
 Old *Cornus* is call'd in, to see the Sight.

A sprightly Red vermilion all her Face,
 And her Eyes languish with unusual Grace.
 With Tears of Joy, fresh gushing from her Eyes,
 O wond'rous Power of Art! Old *Cornus* cries,
 Amazing Change! Astonishing Success!
 Thrice happy I! What a brave Man was this!
 Maids, Wives, and Widows, with like Whims pos-
 May thus find certain Ease — *Probatum est.* ^{[test,}

T O C E L I A.

WHY, cruel Creature, why so bent
 To vex a tender Heart?
 To Gold and Title you relent,
 Love throws in vain his Dart.

Let glittering Fools in Courts be great,
 For Pay let Armies move:

Beauty

Beauty shou'd have no other Bait

But gentle Vows and Love.

If on those endless Charms you lay

The Value that's their Due,

Kings are themselves too poor to pay,

A thousand Worlds too few.

But if a Passion without Vice,

Without Disguise or Art,

Ah *Celia*! if true Love's your Price,

Behold it in my Heart.

CELIA SINGING.

When we behold her Angel Face,
Or when she sings with heav'nly Grace,

In what we hear, and what we see,

So ravishing's the Harmony,

The

The melting Soul, in Rapture lost,
Knows not which Charm enchants it most.

Sounds that made Hills and Rocks rejoice,
Amphion's Lute, the *Syrens* Voice,
Wonders with Pain receiv'd for true,
At once find Credit, and renew;
No Charms like *Celia's* Voice surprize,
Except the Magick of her Eyes.

*To my Friend Mr. Dryden, on his
Excellent Translations.*

AS Flow'rs transplanted from a Southern Sky
But hardly bear, or in the Raising die,
Missing their native Sun, at best retain
But a faint Odour, and survive with Pain:

Thus Ancient Wit, in Modern Numbers taught,
Wanting the Warmth with which its Author
Is a dead Image, and a senseless Draught: [wrote,

While we transfuse, the nimble Spirit flies,
Escapes unseen, evaporates, and dies.

Who then to copy *Roman* Wit desire,
Must imitate with *Roman* Force and Fire;

In Elegance of Stile and Phrase the same,
And in the sparkling *Genius* and the Flame:

Whence we conclude from thy translated Song,
So just, so smooth, so soft, and yet so strong,
Celestial Charmer! Soul of Harmony!

That ev'ry *Genius* was reviv'd in thee.

Thy Trumpet sounds, the Dead are rais'd to Light,
Never to die, and take to Heav'n their Flight,
Deckt in thy Verse, as clad with Rays they shine,
All Glorify'd, Immortal, and Divine.

As *Britain* in rich Soil abounding wide,
 Furnish'd for Use, for Luxury, and Pride;
 Yet spreads her wanton Sails on ev'ry Shore
 For foreign Wealth, impatient still of more;
 To her own Wooll the Silks of *Asia* joins,
 And to her plenteous Harveſts, *Indian* Mines:
 So *Dryden*, not contented with the Fame
 Of his own Works, tho' an immortal Name,
 To Lands remote ſends forth his learned Muſe,
 The nobleſt Seeds of foreign Wit to choſe:
 Feaſting our Senſe ſo many various Ways,
 Say, Is't thy Bounty? Or thy Thirſt of Praise?
 That by comparing Others, All might ſee
 Who moſt excell, are yet excell'd by Thee.



*Upon a Hearing in the House of
Lords of a Cause between her
Grace the Dutchess of Grafton
and the Lord Chief Justice.*

THE Princes fate. Beauty and Law contend:
The Queen of Love will her own Cause de-
[fend.
Secure she looks, as certain none can see
Such Beauty plead, and not her Captive be.
What need of Words with such commanding Eyes!
Must I then speak? O Heav'ns! the Charmer cries;
O barbarous Clime, where Beauty borrows Aid
From Eloquence, to charm, or to persuade!
Will Discord never leave with envious Care
To raise Debate? But Discord governs here.
To Juno, Pallas, Wisdom, Fame, and Power,
Long since preferr'd, what Trial needs there more?

Confest to Sight, three Goddesses descend
On *Ida's* Hill, and for a Prize contend,
Nobly they bid, and lavishly pursue
A Gift, that only cou'd be Beauty's Due:
Honours and Wealth the generous Judge denies,
And gives the Triumph to the brightest Eyes.
Such Precedents are numberless: We draw
Our Right from Custom: Custom is a Law.
As high as Heav'n, as wide as Seas and Land,
As ancient as the World, is our Command.
It might suffice that I pronounce it mine,
And right or wrong he shou'd his Claim resign,
Mars and *Alcides* would this Plea allow,
Beauty was ever absolute 'till now.
Not Bears nor Tygers sure so savage are
As these ill-manner'd Monsters of the Bar.
Loud Rumour has proclaim'd a Nymph divine,
Whose matchless Form, to counter-balance mine

By dint of Beauty shall extort your Grace:
Let her appear, this Rival, Face to Face,
Let Eyes to Eyes oppos'd this Strife decide;
Now when I lighten let her Beams be try'd.
Was't a vain Promise, and a Gown-Man's Lie?
Or stands she here, unmark'd, when I am by?
So Heav'n was mock'd, and once all *Elis* round
Another *Jupiter* was said to sound;
On brazen Floors, the Royal Actor tries
To ape the Thunder rattling in the Skies;
A brandish'd Torch, with emulating Blaze,
Affects the forky Lightning's pointed Rays;
Thus born aloft, triumphantly he rode
Thro' Crowds of Worshippers, and acts the God.
The Sire Omnipotent prepares the Brand
By *Vulcan* wrought, and arms his potent Hand,
Then flaming hurls it hissing from above,
And in the vast Abyſs confounds the mimick *Jove*.

Presumptuous Wretch! with Mortal Art to dare
Immortal Power, and brave the Thunderer.

Cassiope, preferring with Disdain
Her Daughter to the *Nereids*, they complain:
The Daughter, for the Mother's guilty Scorn,
Is doom'd to be devour'd; the Mother's born
Above the Clouds, where by immortal Light
Revers't she shines, expos'd to human Sight,
And to a shameful Posture is confin'd,
As an eternal Terror to Mankind.
Did thus the Gods such private Nymphs protect,
What Vengeance might the Queen of Love expect?
But grant such arbitrary Pleas are vain:
Wav'd let them be: Meer Justice shall obtain:
Who to a Husband better can succeed
Than his lov'd Wife, the Partner of his Bed?

Or to a Father's Right lay stronger Claim,
Than the dear Youth in whom survives his Name?
Behold that Youth, consider whence he springs,
And in his Royal Veins respect your Kings;
Immortal *Jove* upon a Mortal She
Begot his Sire: Second from *Jove* is he.
Well did the Father blindly fight your Cause,
Following the Cry of Liberty and Laws,
If by those Laws, for which he lost his Life,
You spoil ungratefully the Son and Wife.
What need I more? 'Twere Treason to dispute:
The Grant was Royal: That decides the Suit:
Shall vulgar Laws Imperial Power constrain?
Kings, and the Gods, can never act in vain.
She finish'd here, the Queen of ev'ry Grace,
Disdain vermilioning her heav'nly Face;
Our Hearts take Fire, and all in Tumult rise,
And one With sparkles in a thousand Eyes.

O might some Champion finish these Debates,
My Sword thou'd end, what now my Muse relates,
Up rose the Judge, on each Side bending low,
A crafty Smile accompanies his Bow,
Ulysses-like, a gentle Pause he makes,
Then, raising by Degrees his Voice, he speaks,
In you, my Lords who judge, and all that hear,
Methinks I read your Wishes for the Fair,
Nor can I wonder; even I contend
With seeret Pain, unwilling to offend;
Unhappy, thus oblig'd to a Defence
That may displease such Heav'nly Excellence.
Might we the Laws on any Terms abuse,
So bright an Influence were the best Excuse.
Let *Niobe's* just Doom, the vile Disgrace
Of the *Propetides* polluted Race,
Let Death, or Shame, or Lunacy, surprise
Who dare to match the Lustre of her Eyes:

Aloud

Aloud the fairest of the Sex complain
Of Captives lost, and Love's invok'd in vain,
At her Appearance all their Brightness ends,
Those Stars of Beauty set, when she ascends.
Where Love presides, still may she bear the Prize,
But rigid Law has neither Ears nor Eyes;
Charms to which *Mars* and *Hercules* wou'd bow,
Minos and *Rhadamanthus* disavow:
Justice, by nothing bias'd or inclin'd,
Deaf to Perswasion, to Temptation blind,
Determines without Favour, and the Laws
O'erlook the Parties, to decide the Cause.
What then avails it that a beardless Boy
Took a rash Fancy for a Female Toy?
Th'insulted *Argives* with a numerous Host
Pursue Revenge, and seek the *Dardan* Coast;
Tho' the Gods built, and tho' the Gods defend,
Those lofty Towers the hostile *Greeks* ascend,

Nor

Nor leave they 'till the Town in Ashes lies,
And all the Race of Royal Priam dies.
The Queen of *Paphos* mixing in the Fray
Rallies the Troops, and urges on the Day,
In Person in the foremost Ranks she stands,
Provokes the Charge, directs, assists, commands.
Stern *Diomed*, advancing high in Air
His feather'd Jav'lin, strikes the heav'nly Fair,
The vaulted Skies with her loud Shrieks resound,
And high *Olympus* trembles at the Wound.
In Causes just, thou'd all the Gods oppose,
'Twere honest to dispute: So *Cato* chose
Dismiss that Plea, and what shall Blood avail?
If Beauty is deny'd, shall Birth avail?
Blood, and high Deeds in distant Ages done,
Are our Fore-fathers Merit, not our own.
Might none a just Possession be allow'd
But who cou'd bring Desert, or Boast of Blood

Wh

What Numbers, even here, might be condemn'd,
Strip'd and despoil'd of all, revil'd, contemn'd?
Take a just View, how many may remark
Who's now a Lord, his Grandfire was a Clerk:
Then O beware, nor do these Robes despise,
But honour that, from whence your Honours rise.
How dear to *Britain* are her darling Laws!
What Blood has she not lavish'd in their Cause?
Kings are like common Slaves to Slaughter led,
Or wander thro' the World to beg their Bread.
Such fatal Presidents might awe the Throne
From lawless Grants: Who give what's not their ^{[own,}
The Gift is void: 'Twere a cheap way to clear
The Crown Accounts, by robbing from the Bar!
That Power which takes from me may force from ^{[you:}
To your own Interests——You were ever true:
Consider that: I plead but your own Cause:
Give Sentence then, protect, maintain the Laws.

He

He spoke. The Princes differ and divide,
Some follow Law, and some with Beauty fide:
So once th' Apostate Angels brav'd the Pow'r
Whom they were wont to worship and implore:
Like impious is their Rage, who have in Chace
A new Omnipotence in *Grafton's* Face.
Bold *Rocheſter*, undaunted, juſt, and wiſe,
Aſſerts the Goddeſs with the charming Eyes:
Beauty her Orders, like th' Almighty, ſends,
And *Rocheſter*, like *Michaël*, cleaves the Fiends:
And O may Beauty never want reward
For thee, her noble Champion, and her Guard.
Beauty triumphs, and Law ſubmitting lyes,
The Tyrant tam'd, aloud for Mercy cries:
Conqueſt can never fail in radiant *Grafton's* Eyes.

To my Lord Lansdowne, upon the
bombarding and burning the Town
of Granville in Normandy.

[Flame

THO' built by Gods, consum'd by hostile
Troybury'd lyes, yet lives the *Trojan* Name,
And so shall shine, tho' with these Walls were lost
All the Records thy Ancestors cou'd boast.
For *Latium* conquer'd, and for *Turnus* slain,
Aeneas lives, tho' not one Stone remain
Where he arose: Nor art thou less renown'd
For thy loud Triumphs on *Hungarian* Ground.
Those Arms which for nine Centuries had brav'd*
The Wrath of Time, on antick Stone engrav'd,
Now torn by Mortars, stand yet undefac'd
On nobler Trophies by thy Valour rais'd:

* The Arms of his Family at that time still remaining on one of
the Gates of the Town.

Safe

Safe on thy Eagle's Wings they soar *, above
 The Rage of War, or Thunder to remove,
 Born by the Bird of *Cæsar*, and of *Jove*.

*To my Friend Dr. GARTH in
 his Sickness.*

M *Achaon* sick, in ev'ry Face we find
 His Danger is the Danger of Mankind,
 Whose Art protecting, Nature cou'd expire
 But by a Deluge, or the general Fire.
 More Lives he saves than perish in our Wars,
 And faster than a Plague destroys, repairs:
 The bold Carowser, and advent'ring Dame,
 Nor fear the Fever, nor refuse the Flame,

* *Created a Count of the Roman Empire, with Privilege to quarter his Arms on the Imperial Spread Eagle, in Acknowledgment of his Bravery at the Relief of Vienna, and several other Occasions, in the War of Hungary, where his Lordship serv'd a Volunteer.*

Safe in his Skill, from all **Restraint** set free
 But conscious Shame, **Remorse**, and **Piety**.
 Sire of all Arts, defend thy darling Son,
 O save the Man, whose Life's so much our own,
 On whom, like *Atlas*, the whole World's reclin'd,
 And by restoring *Garth*, preserve Mankind.

SONG. To MYRA.

I.

THE happiest Mortals once were we,

I lov'd *Myra*, *Myra* me;

Each desirous of the Blessing,

Nothing wanting but Possessing;

I lov'd *Myra*, *Myra* me,

The happiest Mortals once were we.

II.

But since cruel Fates dissolve,

Torn from Love, and torn for ever,

Tortures end me,
 Death befriend me;
 Of all Pains the greatest Pain
 Is to love — and love in vain.

To FLAVIA. Her Gardens having escap'd a Flood that had destroy'd all the Fruits of the Ground in her Neighbourhood.

What Hands Divine have planted, and pro-^{[tect,}
 The Torrent spares, and Deluges respect;
 So when the Waters o'er the World were spread,
 Cov'ring each Oak, and ev'ry Mountain's Head,
 The chosen *Noah* sail'd within his Ark,
 Nor might the Waves o'erwhelm the sacred Bark
 The charming *Flavia* is no less, we find,
 The Favourite of Heav'n, than of Mankind;

The Gods, like Rivals, imitate our Care,
And vie with Mortals, to oblige the Fair;
These Favours, thus bestow'd on her alone,
Are but the Homage that they send her down.
O *Flavia*, may thy Virtue from above
Be crown'd with Blessings endless as my Love.

*Written in a Novel Entituled Les
Malheurs de l'Amour.*

HASTE to *Clarinda*, and reveal
Whatever Pains poor Lovers feel;
When that is done, then tell the Fair
That I endure much more for her.
Who'd truly know Love's Pow'r, or Smart,
Must view her Eyes, and read my Heart.

L

PRO-

PROLOGUE to the SHE GALLANTS.

A Squiet Monarchs, that on peaceful Thrones
In Sports and Revels long had reign'd like ^{[Drones,}
Rousing at length, reflect with Guilt and Shame
That not one Stroke had yet been giv'n for Fame,
Wars they denounce, and to redeem the past,
To bold Attempts and rugged Labours haste.
Our Poet so with like Concern reviews
The youthful Follies of his Love-sick Muse,
To amorous Toils, and to the silent Grove,
To Beauty's Snares, and to deceitful Love,
He bids Farewel: His Shield and Lance prepares
And mounts the Stage to bid Immortal Wars.
Vice like some Monster, suff'ring none t' escape
Has seiz'd the Town, and varies still her Shape.
Here, like a General she struts in State,
While Crowds in Red and Blue her Orders wait

There

There, like some pensive Statesman, walks demure,
And smiles, and hugs, to make Destruction sure;
Now, under high Commodores, with Looks erect,
Barefac'd devours, in gaudy Colours deck'd;
Then, in a Vizard, to avoid Grimace,
Allows all Freedom, but to see the Face.
In Pulpits, and at Bar, she wears a Gown,
In Camps a Sword, in Palaces a Crown.
Resolv'd to combat with this motley Beast,
Our Poet comes to strike one Stroke at least.
His Glass he means not for this Jilt or Beau,
Some Features of you all he hopes to show,
On chosen Heads nor lets the Thunder fall,
But scatters his Artillery at All.
Yet to the Fair he fain wou'd Quarter show,
His tender Heart recoils at ev'ry Blow;
If unawares he give too smart a Stroke,
He means but to correct, and not provoke.

EPILOGUE to the same.

Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle in Mens' Cloaths.

I Who have been the Poet's Spark to Day,
 Will now become the Champion of his Play.
 Know all, who wou'd pretend to my good Grace,
 I mortally dislike a damning Face,
 Pleas'd or displeas'd, no matter now 'tis past;
 The first who dares be angry breathes his last:
 Who shall presume to doubt my Will and Pleasure,
 Him I defie to fend his Weapon's Measure:
 If War you chuse, and Blood must needs be spill'd
 By *Jove*, let me alone to match your Tilter, ^{[here,}
 I'll give you Satisfaction if I can;
 'Sdeath, 'tis not the first time I've kill'd my Man
 On Pain of being posted to your Sorrow,
 Fail not, at Four, to meet me here to Morrow.

EPILOGUE to the Jew of Venice.

EAch in his turn, the Poet*, and the Priest†,
Have view'd the Stage, but like false Prophets
The Man of Zeal, in his Religious Rage [guest:
Wou'd silence Poets, and reduce the Stage.
The Poet, rashly to get clear, retorts
On Kings the Scandal, and bespatters Courts:
Both err: For, without mincing, to be plain,
The Guilt's your own, of every odious Scene.
The present Time still gives the Stage its Mode;
The Vices that you practise, we explode:
We hold the Glas, and but reflect your Shame,
Like Spartans, by exposing, to reclaim.
The Scribler, pinch'd with Hunger, writes to dine,
And to your Genius must conform his Line;

* Mr. Dryden, in his Prologue to the Pilgrim.

† Mr. Collier, in his View of the Stage.

Not lewd by Choice, but meerly to submit;
 Wou'd you encourage Sense, Sense would be writ.

Good Plays we try, which after the first Day
 Unseen we act, and to bare Benches play;
 Plain Sense, which pleas'd your Sires an Age ago,
 Is lost, without the Garniture of Show.
 At vast Expence, we labour to our Ruin,
 And court your Favour, with our own Undoing:
 A War of Profit mitigates the Evil,
 But to be tax'd—and beaten—is the Devil.
 How was the Scene forlorn, and how despis'd,
 When *Timon*, without Musick, moralis'd;
Shakespear's Sublime in vain entic'd the Throng,
 Without the Aid of *Purcill's* Syren Song!

[wrought,

In the same antique Loom these Scenes were
 Embellish'd with good Morals and just Thought,
 True

True Nature in her noblest Light you see,
 E'er yet debauch'd by modern Gallantry
 To trifling Jests, and fulsom Ribaldry:
 What Rust remains upon the shining Mass,
 Antiquity must privilege to pass.
 'Tis *Shakespear's* Play, and if these Scenes miscarry,
 Let * *Gorman* take the Stage — or † *Lady Mary*.

Prologue to the British Enchanters.

POETS by Observation find it true,
 'Tis harder much to please themselves, than [you:
 To weave a Plot, to work and to refine
 A labour'd Scene, to polish ev'ry Line,
 Judgment must sweat, and feel a Mother's Pains:
 Vain Fools! thus to disturb and rack their Brains,

* *A famous Prize-Fighter.*

† *A famous Rope-Dancer.*

When more indulgent to the Writer's Ease,
 You are too good, to be so hard to please:
 No such convulsive Pangs it will require
 To write — the pretty Things that you admire,
 Our Author then, to please you in your Way,
 Presents you now a Bawble of a Play,
 In gingling Rhyme, well fortify'd and strong,
 He fights entrench'd, o'er Head and Ears, in Song.
 If here and there some evil-fated Line
 Shou'd chance, thro' Inadvertency, to shine,
 Forgive him Beaus, he means you no Offence,
 But begs you, for the Love of Song and Dance,
 To pardon — All the Poetry and Sense.



Epilogue *design'd for the same.*

WIT once, like Beauty, without Art or Dress,
Naked and unadorn'd, cou'd find Success,
'Till by Fruition Novelty destroy'd,
The Nymph must find new Charms to be enjoy'd.
As by his Equipage the Man you prize,
And Ladies must have Gems, beside their Eyes;
So fares it too with Plays, in vain we write,
Unless the Musick or the Show invite,
Not *Hamlet* clears the Charges of the Night.
Wou'd you but fix some Standard how to move,
We wou'd transform to any thing you love:
Judge our Desire by our Cost and Pains;
Sure in Expence, uncertain in our Gains.
But tho' we fetch from *Italy* and *France*
Our Fopperies of Tune, and Mode of Dance,
Our sturdy *Britons* scorn to borrow Sense:

Howe'er to Foreign Fashions we submit,
Still ev'ry Fop prefers his Mother Wit:
In only Wit this Constancy is shown,
For never was that arrant Changeling known }
Who, for another's Sense, wou'd quit his own. }
In all things else to love of Change enclin'd, }
Scarce in two following Sessions can we find }
That Politician — but has chang'd his Mind: }
But sure such Patriots change not, but forget,
'Tis Want of Memory, the Curse of Wit.
Our Author wou'd excuse these youthful Scenes,
Begotten at his Entrance in his Teens;
Some childish Fancies may approve the Toy,
Some like the Muse the more — for being a Boy;
And Ladies shou'd be pleas'd, tho' not content,
To find so young a Thing not Impotent.
Our Stage Reformers too he wou'd disarm,
In Charity so cold, in Zeal so warm,

And

And therefore, to atone for past Abuses,
And gain the Church Indulgence for the Muses,
He gives his Thirds to charitable Uses.

Prologue to *Mr. Higgons Excellent
Tragedy, call'd The Generous
Conqueror.*

YOUR Comick Writer is a common Foe,
None can intrigue in Peace, or be a Beau,
Nor wanton Wife nor Widow can be sped,
Not even *Ruffel* can inter the Dead,
But strait this Cenfor, in his Whym of Wit
Strips, and presents you naked to the Pit.
Thus Criticks shou'd, like these, be branded Foes,
Who for the Poison only suck the Rose,

Rejecting

Rejecting what is sweet, like Vultures they
 Feed only on the Carrion of a Play,
 Snarling and carping without Wit or Sense,
 Impeach Mistakes, o'erlooking Excellence,
 As if to ev'ry Fop it might belong
 Like Senators to censure, right or wrong.
 But generous Wits have more heroick Views,
 And Love and Honour are the Theams they chuse
 From yon bright Heav'n* our Author fetch'd his
 And paints the Passions that your Eyes inspire;
 Full of that Flame, his tender Scenes he warms,
 And frames his Goddeffs by your matchless Charms.

* *To the Ladies.*



PELEUS and THETIS.

A MASQUE, Set to MUSICK.

The ARGUMENT.

Peleus, in Love with Thetis, by the Assistance of Proteus obtains her Favour; but Jupiter interposing, Peleus in Despair consults Prometheus, famous for his Skill in Astrology; upon whose Prophecy, that the Son born of Thetis should prove greater than his Father, Jupiter desists. The Prophecy was afterward verifi'd in the Birth of Achilles, the Son of Thetis by Peleus.

PERSONS in the MASQUE.

Jupiter. } *Prometheus.*

Peleus. } *Thetis.*

Prometheus appears upon Mount Caucasus chain'd to a Rock, with the Vulture at his Breast. Peleus enters, addressing himself to Prometheus.

Pel. **C**ondemn'd on Caucasus to lye,

Still to be dying, not to die,

With certain Pain, uncertain of Relief,

True Emblem of a wretched Lover's Grief!

To whose inspecting Eye 'tis given
To view the Planetary Way,
To penetrate Eternal Day,
And to revolve the Starry Heav'n,
To thee, *Prometheus*, I complain,
And bring a Heart as full of Pain.

Prom. From *Jupiter* spring all our Woes,
Thetis is *Jove's*, who once was thine;
'Tis vain, O *Peleus*, to oppose
Thy Torturer —— and mine.
Contented with Despair,
O wretched Man! resign
Whom you adore, or else prepare
For Change of Torments, great as mine.
'Tis vain, O *Peleus*, to oppose,
Thy Torturer and mine.

Pel. In change of Torment wou'd be Ease;
Cou'd you divine what Lovers bear,
Even you, *Prometheus*, wou'd confess
There is no Vulture like Despair.

Prom. Cease, cruel Vulture, to devour.

Pel. Cease, cruel *Thetis*, to disdain.

THETIS enters.

Th. *Peleus*, unjustly you complain.

Prom. Cease, cruel Vulture, to devour.

Pel. Cease, cruel *Thetis*, to disdain.

The. *Peleus*, unjustly you complain,

The Gods, alas! no Refuge find
From Ills resistless Fates ordain:

I still am true — And wou'd be kind.

Pel. To love and to languish,

To sigh and complain,

How killing's the Anguish,

How tormenting the Pain!

Suing,

Pursuing,

Flying,

Denying,

O the Curse of Disdain,

How tormenting's the Pain!

To love, &c.

The. Accursed Jealousie,

Thou Jaundice in the Lover's Eye,

Thro' which all Objects false we see,

Accursed Jealousie!

Thy Rival, *Peleus*, rules the Sky,

Yet I so prize thy Love,

With *Peleus* I wou'd chuse to die,

Rather than live with *Jove*.

JUPITER appears descending.

But see, the mighty Thunderer's here;

Tremble, *Peleus*, tremble, fly;

The Thunderer! the mighty Thunderer!

Tremble, *Peleus*, tremble, fly.

*A full Chorus of all the Voices and Instruments
while Jupiter is descending.*

CHORUS.

But see, the mighty Thunderer's here,

Tremble, *Peleus*, tremble, fly;

The Thunderer! the mighty Thunderer!

Tremble, *Peleus*, tremble, fly.

[JUPITER being descended:]

Jup. Presumptuous Slave, Rival to Jove,

How dar'st thou, Mortal, thus defie

A Goddess with audacious Love,

And irritate a God with Jealousie?

Presumptuous Mortal, hence —

Tremble at Omnipotence.

M

Pel.

Pel. Arm'd with Love, and *Thetis* by,

I fear no Odds

Of Men or Gods,

But *Jove* himself defie.

Jove, lay thy Thunder down;

Arm'd with Love, and *Thetis* by,

There is more Terror in her Frown,

And fiercer Lightning in her Eye:

I fear no Odds

Of Men or Gods,

But *Jove* himself defie.

Jup. Bring me Lightning, give me Thunder;

Haste, ye *Cyclops*, with your forked Rods,

This Rebel Love braves all the Gods,

And every Hour by Love is made

Some Heav'n-defying Encelade.

Bring me Lightning, give me Thunder.

Pel. & Thet. Jove may kill, but ne'er shall funder.

Jup. Bring me Lightning, give me Thunder.

Pel. & Thet. Jove may kill, but ne'er shall funder.

Thet. Thy Love still arm'd with Fate

Is dreadful as thy Hate:

O might it prove to me,

So gentle *Peleus* were but free,

O might it prove to me

As fatal as to lost consuming *Semelè*!

Thy Love still arm'd with Fate

Is dreadful as thy Hate.

Prom. Son of *Saturn*, take Advice

From one, whom thy severe Decree

Has furnish'd Leisure to grow wise:

Thou rul'st the Gods: But Fate rules thee.

M

Who

Whoe'er th'Immortal Maid compressing
Shall taste the Joy, and reap the Blessing,

Thus th'unerring Stars advise:

From that auspicious Night an Heir shall rise

Paternal Glories to out-shine,

And be the Greatest of his Line.

Jup. Shall then the Son of *Saturn* be undone,

Like *Saturn*, by an impious Son!

Justly th'impartial Fates conspire,

Dooming that Son to be the Sire

Of such another Son.

Conscious of Ills that I have done,

My Fears to Prudence shall advise,

And Guilt, that made me great, shall make me wise.

The fatal Blessing I resign; [*Giving her to*
Peleus.

Peleus, take the Maid Divine:

Jove consenting, she is thine;

The fatal Blessing I resign.

Pel.

Pel. Heav'n had been lost, had I been *Jove*;
There is no Heav'n like mutual Love.

Jup. to Prom. And thou, the Stars Interpreter,

'Tis just I fet thee free

Who giv'st me Liberty:

Arise, and be thy self a Star.

'Tis just I fet thee free,

Who giv'st me Liberty.

[The Vulture drops dead at the Feet of Prometheus, his Chains fall off, and he is born up to Heaven with Jupiter, to a loud Flourish of all the Musick.]

Pel. Fly, fly to my Arms, to my Arms,
Goddeſs of Immortal Charms!

To my Arms, to my Arms, fly, fly,
Goddeſs of transporting Joy!

But to gaze

On thy Face,

M 3

Thy

Thy gentle Hand thus pressing,
Is heav'nly heav'nly Blessing.

O my Soul!

Whither, whither art thou flying,
Lost in sweet tumultuous dying,
Whither, whither art thou flying,

O my Soul!

Thet. You tremble, *Peleus* — So do I;
Ah stay, and we'll together die.
Immortal, and of Race Divine,
My Soul shall take her Flight with thine;
Life dissolving in Delight,
Heaving Breasts, and swimming Sight,
Falt'ring Speech, and gasping Breath,
Symptoms of delicious Death,
Life dissolving in Delight,
My Soul is ready for the Flight,

O my Soul!

Whither, whither art thou flying?

Loft in sweet tumultuous dying,

Whither, whither art thou flying,

O my Soul!

Pel. and Thet. }
repeat together } O my Soul, &c.

CHORUS of all the Instruments and Voices
Singing and Dancing.

When the Storm is blown over

How blest is the Swain,

Who begins to discover .

An end End of his Pain.

When the Storm, &c.



*Written under Mrs. HARE's Name
upon a Drinking-Glass.*

THE Gods of Wine, and Wit, and Love, ^{[prepare}
With chearful Bowls to celebrate the Fair,
Love is enjoin'd to name his Fav'rite Toast,
And *Hare's* the Goddess that delights him most;
Phæbus approves, and bids the Trumpets sound,
And *Bacchus*, in a Bumper, sends it round.

*Written under the Dutcheſs of BOLTON's
Name upon a Drinking-Glass.*

LOVE's keenest Darts are charming ^{[Care,} *Bolton's*
Which the bright Goddess poisons with De- ^{[spair;}
The God of Wine the dire Effect foresees,
And sends the Juice that gives the Lover Ease.

A Latin Inscription on a Medal
for LEWIS XIV.

Proximus & similis regnas Ludovice Tonanti,
Vim summam, summa cum pietate geris:
Magnus es expansis Alis, sed maximas Armis,
Protegis hinc Anglos, Teutones inde feris.
Quin coeant toto, Titania fœdera Rheno,
Illa Aquilam tantum, Gallia Fulmen habet.

English'd, and Apply'd to the
QUEEN.

NExt to the Thunderer let ANNA stand,
In Piety Supream, as in Command,
Fam'd for Victorious Arms and Generous Aid,
Young Austria's Refuge, and fierce ^{[Dread:} Bourbon's
Titanian Leagues in vain shall brave the Rhine,
When to the Eagle YOU the Thunder join.

A

A
MORNING HYMN

To Her GRACE

The Dutcheſs of *Hamilton*.

A Wake bright *Hamilton*, ariſe,
Goddeſs of Love, and of the Day,
Awake, diſcloſe thy charming Eyes,

And ſhow the Sun a brighter Ray:

Phæbus in vain calls forth the bluſhing Morn,
He but creates the Day, which you adorn,

The Lark, that wont with warbling Throat

Early to ſalute the Skies,

Or ſleeps, or elſe ſuſpends his Note,

Diſclaiming Day 'till you ariſe.

Goddeſs

Goddeſs awake, thy Beams diſplay,
Reſtore the Univerſe to Light,
When *Hamilton* appears, then dawns the Day,
And when ſhe diſappears, begins the Night.

Lovers, who watchful Vigils keep,
For Lovers never, never ſleep!
Wait for the riſing of the Fair,
To offer Songs and Hymns of Prayer,
Like *Persians* to the Sun:
Even Life and Death and Fate are there,
For in the Rolls of ancient Deſtiny
Long ſince 'twas noted down,
The Dying ſhall revive, the Living die,
But as you Smile, or Frown.

Awake bright *Hamilton*, ariſe,
Goddeſs of Love and of the Day,
Awake,

Awake, disclose thy charming Eyes,

And show the Sun a brighter Ray:

Phæbus in vain calls forth the blushing Morn,

He but creates the Day, which you adorn.

*An ESSAY upon Unnatural
Flights in Poetry.*

AS when some Image of a charming Face,
In living Paint, an Artist tries to trace,
He carefully consults each beauteous Line,
Adjusting to his Object, his Design;
We praise the Piece, and give the Painter Fame,
But as the bright Resemblance speaks the Dame,
Poets are Limners of another kind,
To copy out Idæas in the Mind,
Words are the Paint by which their Thoughts are
And Nature is their Object to be drawn; [shown]

The

The written Picture we applaud, or blame,
But as the just Proportions are the same.
Who, driven with ungovernable Fire,
Or void of Art, beyond these Bounds aspire,
Gigantick Forms and monstrous Births alone
Produce, which Nature shock'd disdains to own,

By true Reflection I wou'd see my Face,
Why brings the Fool a magnifying Glass?

“ But Poetry in Fiction takes Delight,
“ And mounting in bold Figures out of Sight,
“ Leaves Truth behind, in her audacious Flight: }
“ Fables and Metaphors, that always lie, }
“ And rash Hyperbole's, that soar so high, }
“ And ev'ry Ornament of Verse, must die. }

Mistake me not: No Figures I exclude,
And but forbid Intemperance, not Food.
Who wou'd with Care some happy Fiction frame,
So mimicks Truth, it looks the very same,

Not

Not rais'd to force, or feign'd in Nature's Scorn,
But meant to grace, illustrate, and adorn:
Important Truths still let your Fables hold,
And Moral Mysteries with Art unfold;
Ladies and Beaus, to please, is all the Task,
But the sharp Critick will Instruction ask.
As Veils transparent cover, but not hide,
Such Metaphors appear, when right apply'd;
When, thro' the Phrase, we plainly see the Sense,
Truth with such obvious Meanings will dispense.
The Reader what in Reason's due believes,
Nor can we call that false which not deceives.
Hyperbole's so daring and so bold,
Disdaining Bounds, are yet by Rules control'd;
Above the Clouds, but yet within our Sight,
They mount with Truth, and make a tow'ring
Presenting Things impossible to View, [Flight
They wander thro' Incredible, to True:

Falshood

Falshoods thus mix'd, like Metals are refin'd,
And Truth, like Silver, leaves the Dross behind.
Thus Poetry has ample Space to soar,
Nor needs forbidden Regions to explore;
Such Vaunts as his who can with Patience read,
Who thus describes his Hero when he's dead?
"In Heat of Action slain, yet scorns to fall,
"But still maintains the War, and fights at — All.
The noisie Culverin, o'er-charg'd, lets fly,
And bursts, unaiming, in the rended Sky;
Such frantick Flights are like a Madman's Dream,
And Nature suffers in the wild Extream.
The Captive Canibal, oppress'd with Chains,
Yet braves his Foes, reviles, provokes, disdains,
Of Nature fierce, untameable, and proud,
He bids Defiance to the gaping Croud,
And spent at last, and speechless as he lies,
With fiery Glances mocks their Rage, and dies.

This

This is the utmost Stretch that Nature can,
And all beyond is fulsome, false, and vain.
The *Roman* Wit, who impiously divides
His Hero, and his Gods, to different Sides,
I wou'd condemn, but that, in spite of Sense,
Th'admiring World still stands in his Defence:
The Gods, permitting Traitors to succeed,
Become not Parties in an impious Deed,
And, by the Tyrant's Murder, we may find
That *Cato* and the Gods were of a Mind.
Thus forcing Truth with such preposterous Praise
Our Characters we lessen, when we'd raise;
Like Castles built by Magick Art in Air,
That vanish at Approach, such Thoughts appear
But rais'd on Truth, by some judicious Hand,
As on a Rock, they shall for Ages stand.
Our King return'd, and banish'd Peace restor'd,
The Muse ran mad, to see her exil'd Lord;

On the crack'd Stage the Bedlam Heroes roar'd,
 And scarce cou'd speak one reasonable Word:
Dryden himself, to please a frantick Age,
 Was forc'd to let his Judgment stoop to Rage,
 To a wild Audience he conform'd his Voice,
 Comply'd to Custom, but not err'd thro' Choice.
 Deem then the People's, not the Writer's Sin,
Almanzor's Rage, and Rants of *Maximin*;
 That Fury spent, in each elab'rate Piece,
 He vies for Fame with ancient *Rome* and *Greece*.
Roscommon first, then *Mulgrave* rose, like Light,
 To clear our Darknefs, and to guide our Flight;
 With steady Judgment, and in lofty Sounds,
 They gave us Patterns, and they set us Bounds.
 The *Stagyrite*, and *Horace*, laid aside,
 Inform'd by them, we need no Foreign Guide.
 Who seek from Poetry a lasting Name,
 May from their Lessons learn the Road to Fame;

N

But

But let the bold Adventurer be sure
 That ev'ry Line the Test of Truth endure;
 On this Foundation may the Fabrick rise
 Firm and unshaken, 'till it touch the Skies.
 From Pulpits banish'd, from the Court, from Love,
 Abandon'd Truth seeks Shelter in the Grove;
 Cherish, ye Muses, the forsaken Fair,
 And take into your Train this beauteous Wanderer.

A Character of Mr. WYCHERLEY.

OF all our Modern Wits, none seems to me,
 Once to have touch'd upon true Comedy,
 But hasty *Shadwell*, and slow *Wycherley*.
Shadwell's unfinish'd Works do yet impart
 Great Proofs of Nature's Force, tho' none of Art;

But *Wycherley* earns hard whate'er he gains,
He wants no Judgment, and he spares no Pains. &c.

Ld. Rochester's Poems.

This Character, however just in other Particulars, yet is injurious in one, Mr. *Wycherley* being represented as a laborious Writer, which every Man who has the least Personal Knowledge of him can contradict.

Those indeed who form their Judgment only from his Writings, may be apt to imagine so many admirable Reflections, such Diversity of Images and Characters, such strict Enquiries into Nature, such close Observations on the several Humours, Manners and Affections of all Ranks and Degrees of Men, and, as it were, so true and so perfect a Dissection of Humankind, deliver'd with so much pointed Wit and Force of Expression, could be no other than the Work of extraordinary Diligence and Application: Whereas others, who have the Happiness to be acquainted with the Author, as well as his Writings, are able to affirm these happy Performances were due to his infinite Genius and natural Penetration. We owe the Pleasure and Advantage of

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having

having been so well entertain'd and instructed by him, to his Facility of doing it: For, if I mistake him not extremely, had it been a Trouble to him to write, he would have spar'd himself that Trouble. What he has perform'd would indeed have been difficult for another; but the Club which a Man of ordinary Size could not lift, was but a Walking-staff for *Hercules*.

Mr. *Wycherley*, in his Writings, has been the sharpest Satyrist of his Time; but, in his Nature, he has all the Softness of the tenderest Dispositions: In his Writings he is Severe, Bold, Undertaking; in his Nature Gentle, Modest, Inoffensive: He makes use of his Satyr, as a Man truly brave of his Courage, only upon Publick Occasions, and for Publick Good: He compassionates the Wounds he is under a Necessity to probe, or, like a good-natur'd Conqueror, grieves at the Occasions that provoke him to make such Havock.

There are who object to his Versification: But a Diamond is not less a Diamond for not being polish'd. Versification is in Poetry, what Colouring is in Painting, a beautiful Ornament: But if the Proportions are just, the Posture true,

the Figure bold, and the Resemblance according to Nature, tho' the Colours should happen to be rough, or carelessly laid on, yet may the Piece be of inestimable Value: Whereas the finest and the nicest Colouring Art can invent is but Labour in vain, where the rest is wanting. Our present Writers indeed, for the most part, seem to lay the whole Strefs of their Endeavours upon the Harmony of Words; but then, like Eunuchs, they sacrifice their Manhood for a Voice, and reduce our Poetry to be like Echo, Nothing but Sound.

In Mr. *Wycherley* every thing is Masculine: His Muse is not led forth as to a Review, but as to a Battel; not adorn'd for Parade, but Execution: He would be try'd by the Sharpness of his Blade, and not by the Finery: Like your Heroes of Antiquity, he charges in Iron, and seems to despise all Ornament, but intrinsic Merit: And like those Heroes has therefore added another Name to his own, and by the unanimous Consent of his Contemporaries, is distinguish'd by the just Appellation of Manly *Wycherley*.

the Father's hold, and the Redeemer's according
to Nature, the Colours should happen to be
many, or carefully laid on, yet may the Precious
of terrible Value: Whereas the poet and his
of the young Art can invent it but I doubt
it, where the rest is wanting. Our present
is indeed, for the most part, to be
the whole Suite of their Endeavour upon the
of Words; but then, the
their Manhood for a while, and
our Poetry to be like the following one

In the Whore every thing is Malicious:
it is not led forth as to a Review, but as
a Parade: not adorned for Parade, but Execu-
tion: it would be tried by the standards of his
and not by the Finery: like your His-
tory, his charges in War, and seems
to be all O'Connell, but in fact it is
the whole History has the whole added and
it seems to his own, and by the unadorned
of his Contemporaries, is distinguished
the Appellation of Manly Whore.

THE
BRITISH ENCHANTERS;

O R,

No Magick like Love.

A

DRAMATICK POEM.

As it is Acted at the

Queen's Theatre in the Hay-Market,

B Y

HER MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

Printed in the YEAR 1710.

THE

ENGLISH

OR

THE

DRAMATIC

AND

MAJESTY'S

PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1710.

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Advertisement to the Reader.

UPON the Separation of the Houses, when Musical Performances were confin'd to one Theatre, and Dramatick to the other, it became necessary to lengthen the Representation of the ensuing Poem with several Alterations and Additions, and some entire new Scenes, to fill up the Spaces occasion'd by the Necessity of leaving out the Mixture of Musical Entertainment. Which Additions are herewith Printed, having never been Publish'd before.

P R O-

the next item to be read.

UPON the separation of the
... when Mutual Per-
... was confined to one
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P. R. O.

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PROLOGUE.

POets, by Observation, find it true,
*'Tis harder much to please themselves, than You:
To Weave a Plot, to Work, or to Refine
A labour'd Scene, to Polish ev'ry Line,
Judgment must sweat, and feel a Mother's Pains:
Vain Fools! thus to disturb and rack their Brains:
When, more indulgent to the Writer's Ease,
You are too good to be so hard to please:
No such convulsive Pangs it will require
To Write the pretty Things that you admire.*

*Our Author then, to please you in your Way,
Presents you now a Bawble of a Play,
In jingling Rhime, well fortify'd and strong,
He fights entrench'd, o'er Head and Ears, in Song.
If here and there some evil-fated Line
Shou'd chance, thro' Inadvertency, to shine,
Forgive him, Beaux, he means you no Offence,
But begs you, for the Love of Song and Dance,
To pardon all the Poetry and Sense.*

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

- Cælius*, King of *Britain*, Father to *Oriana*. Mr. Betterton.
Constantius, Emperor of *Rome*, in Love with } Mr. Booth.
Oriana.
Amadis, a famous Knight-Adventurer, in Love } Mr. Verbruggen.
 with *Oriana*, and belov'd by her.
Florestan, Companion to *Amadis*, in Love with } Mr. Husbonds.
Corisanda.
Lucius, a *Roman*.
Arcalaus, an Enchanter, Enemy to *Amadis*. Mr. Bowman.

W O M E N.

- Arcabon*, an Enchantress, Sister to *Arcalaus*. Mrs. Barry.
Oriana. Mrs. Bracegirdle.
Corisanda. Mrs. Porter.
Urganda, a good Enchantress. Mrs. Bowman.
Delia, her Attendant. Mrs. Baker.

Officers and Guards attending *Cælius*; *Romans* attending *Constantius*; Ladies attending *Oriana*; Attendants to the several Enchanters; Knights and Ladies Captives; Singers and Dancers.

The SCENE in *BRITAIN*.

THE



THE
BRITISH ENCHANTERS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Curtain rises to a Flourish of all Sorts of loud Musick. The SCENE is a Grove beautify'd with Fountains, Statues, &c. URGANDA is discover'd as in the midst of some Ceremony of Enchantment. Thunder during the Musick.

URGANDA, DELIA, and Attendants.

URGANDA.



SOUND, sound ye Winds, the rended
Clouds divide,
Fright back the Priest, and save a
trembling Bride;

Assist an injur'd Lover's faithful Love:

An injur'd Lover's Cause is worthy Jove. *Del.*

Del. Successful is our Charm: The Temple shakes,
The Altar nods, th'astonish'd Priest forsakes
The hollow'd Shrine, starts from the Bride-
groom's Side,
Breaks off the Rites, and leaves the Knot unty'd.

[Thunder again and Musick. Urganda walks down the Scene, waving her enchanted Rod during the following Incantation.

*Ye sweet Musicians of the Sky,
Hither, hither, fly, fly,
And with enchanting Notes all Magick else supply.
Sound the Trumpet, touch the Lute,
Strike the Lyre, and tune the Flute;
In Harmony,
Celestial Harmony,
All Magick Charms are found;
Sound the Trumpet, sound.*

A Single Voice.

*Jason thus to Orpheus said,
Take thy Harp, and melt the Maid;
Vows are vain, with Musick warm her,
Play, my Friend, and charm the Charmer.*

Hark!

*Hark! hark! 'tis Orpheus plays,
The Cedars dance, the Grove obeys.*

Hark, hark again!

Medea melts like Proserpine.

*Lis'ning she turns: how soft, she cries!
How sweet! ah how sweet each String replies,
'Till on the warbling Note she dies.
Ah how sweet, and how divine!*

*O! 'tis a Pleasure
Beyond Measure,
Take the Treasure,
Greek, 'tis thine.*

CHORUS.

*Sound the Trumpet, touch the Lute,
Strike the Lyre, and tune the Flute;
In Harmony,
Celestial Harmony,
All Magick Charms are found;
Sound the Trumpet, sound.*

First Dance of Statues.

A Single Voice.

*When with adoring Looks we gaze,
On bright Oriana's heav'nly Face,*

In

*In every Glance, and every Grace,
What is that we see,
But Harmony;
Celestial Harmony.*

*Our ravish'd Hearts leap up to meet
The Musick of her Eyes, and dance around her Feet.*

Urg. This Care for *Amadis*, ye Gods, approve;
For what's a Soldier's Recompence but Love?
When forc'd from *Britain*, call'd to distant War,
His vanquish'd Heart remain'd a Captive here;
Oriana's Eyes that glorious Conquest made,
Nor was his Love ungratefully repaid.

Del. By *Arcabon*, like hostile *Juno*, crost,
And like *Aeneas* driv'n from Coast to Coast,
The wandring Hero wou'd return too late,
Charg'd by *Oriana* with the Crimes of Fate;
Who, anxious of Neglect, suspecting Change,
Consults her Pride, and meditates Revenge.

Urg. Just in the Moment, when Resentment fires
A charming Rival tempts, a rugged King requires
Love yields at last, thus combated by Pride,
And she submits to be the *Roman's* Bride.

Del. Did not your Art, with timely Aids, provide
Oriana were his Wife, and not his Bride.

Urg.

Urg. In ancient Times, e'er Chivalry was known,
The Infant World with Monsters overgrown,
Centaur's and Giants, nurs'd with human Blood,
And dire Magicians, an infernal Brood,
Vex'd Men and Gods; but most the Fair complain,
Of violated Loves, and Lovers slain.

To shelter Innocence, and injur'd Right,
The Nations all elect some Patron-Knight,
Sworn to be true to Love, and Slaves to Fame,
And many a valiant Chief enrolls his Name;
By shining Marks distinguish'd they appear,
And various Orders various Ensigns bear.

Bound by strict Oaths, to serve the brightest Eyes,
Not more they strive for Glory than the Prize;
While, to invite the Toil, the fairest Dame
Of *Britain* is the boldest Champion's Claim.

Del. Of all who in this Race of Fame delight,
Brave *Amadis* is own'd the hardy'st Knight,
Nor *Theseus*, nor *Alcides*, ventur'd more,
Nor he so fam'd, who, bath'd in Monster's Gore,
Upon his crested Helm the tramp'd Dragon bore.

Urg. O mighty *Amadis*! what Thanks are due
To thy victorious Sword, that *Ardan* slew?

Ardan, that black Enchanter, whose dire Arts
Enslav'd our Knights, and broke our Virgins Hearts,

O

Met

Met Spear to Spear, thy great deliv'ring Hand
 Slew the Destroyer and redeem'd the Land;
 Far from thy Breast all Care and Grief remove,
Oriana's thine, by Conquest as by Love.

Del. The haughty *Arcabon*, of *Ardan's* Blood,
 And *Arcaläus*, Foes alike to Good,
 Gluttons in Murder, wanton to destroy,
 Their fatal Arts as impiously employ:
 Heirs to their Brother's Hatred, and sworn Foes
 To *Amadis*, their Magick they oppose
 Against his Love and Life.

Urg. With equal Care
 Their Vengeance to prevent, we now prepare.
 Behold the Time, when tender Love shall be
 Nor vext with Doubt, nor prest with Tyranny,
 The Love-sick Hero shall from Camps remove,
 To reap Reward: The Hero's Pay is Love.
 The Tasks of Glory painful are and hard,
 But oh! how blest, how sweet is the Reward!

*Urganda retires down the Scene as continuing the
 Ceremony of Enchantment; Musick playing, and
 her Attendants repeating the Chorus of the
 foregoing Incantation 'till out of Sight. The
 Scene changes to an Apartment in King Celius's
 Palace.*

Palace. Enter a numerous Train of Britons and Romans preceding Constantius and Corisanda, follow'd by other Attendants, Men and Women; the Britons in a painted Dress after the Ancient Manner.

CONSTANTIUS, ORIANA, CORISANDA.

Con. Lovers consult not Stars, nor watch the Skies,
But seek their Sentence in their Charmer's Eyes,
Careless of Thunder, from the Clouds that break,
My only Omens from your Looks I take;
When my *Oriana* smiles, from thence I date
My future Hope, and when she frowns, my Fate.

Ori. If from my Looks your Sentence you wou'd
Behold, and be instructed to Despair. [hear,

Con. Lost in a Labyrinth of Doubts and Joys,
Whom now her Smiles reviv'd, her Scorn destroys;
She will, and she will not, she grants, denies,
Consents, retracts, advances, and then flies,
Approving and rejecting in a Breath,
Now proff'ring Mercy, now presenting Death:
Thus Hoping, thus Despairing, never sure,
How various are the Torments I endure!
Cruel Estate of Doubt! ah! Princess, try
Once to resolve, or let me live, or die.

Ori. Cease, Prince, the Anger of the Gods to move,
 'Tis now become a Crime to mention Love ;
 Our holy Men, interpreting the Voice
 Of Heav'n in Wrath, forewarn th' ill-omen'd Choice

Con. Strange Rules for Constancy your Priests
 devise,

If Love and Hate must vary with your Skies,
 From such vile Servitude set Reason free ;
 The Gods in ev'ry Circumstance agree ;
 To suit our Union, pointing out to me,
 In this right Hand, the Scepter that they place
 For me to hold, was meant for you to grace.
 Thou best and fairest of the beauteous Kind,
 Accept that Empire which the Gods design'd,
 And be the charming Mistress of Mankind.
 Ambition, Love, whatever can inspire
 A mutual Flame, Glory, and young Desire,
 To guide and to adorn the destin'd Choice con-
 spire.

If Greatness then with Beauty may compare,
 And sure the Great are form'd but for the Fair,
 Then 'tis most plain, that all the Gods decree
 That I was born for you, and you for me.

Cor. Nuptials of Form, of Int'rest, or of State,
 Those Seeds of Pride, are fruitful in Debate ;

Let

Let happy Men for generous Love declare,
 And chuse the needy Virgin, Chaste and Fair:
 Let Women to superior Fortune born,
 For naked Virtue all Temptations scorn,
 The Charm's immortal to a gallant Mind,
 If Gratitude cement whom Love has join'd,
 And Providence, not niggardly, but wise,
 Herc lavishly bestows, and there denies,
 That by each other's Virtue we may rise:
 Weak the bare Tye of Man and Wife we find;
 But Friend and Benefactor always bind.

Enter King CELIUS with a Guard of BRITONS.

Cel. Our Priests recover, 'twas a holy Cheat,
 Lead back the Bride, the Ceremonies wait.

Ori. What Heav'n forbids —

Cel. 'Twas Ignorance of my Will,
 Our Priests have better learnt: What now is ill,
 Can, when I please, be good; and none shall dare
 Preach or expound, but what their King wou'd hear.
 E'er they interpret let 'em mark my Nod,
 My Voice their Thunder, this right Arm their God.
 Prince, take your Bride.

Ori. 'Twere impious now to suffer him my Hand.

[*Refusing to Constantius, who offers to take
 her Hand.* O 3 *Cel.*

Cel. How dar'st thou disobey, when I command?
Mind, mind her not, nor be disturb'd at Tears,
[To Con.

A counterfeited Qualm of Bridal Fears;
All feign'd and false; while her Desires are more
A real Fire, but a dissembled Show'r:
You'd see, cou'd you her inward Motions watch,
Feigning Delay, she wishes for Dispatch;
Into a Woman's Meaning wou'd you look,
Then read her backward, like a Wizard's Book.
On to the Temple lead. —

Ori. Obedience is your Due, which I must pay;
But as a Lover I command you, — Stay.

[Again rejecting his Hand.
Obeying him, I'll be obey'd by you.

Con. Not Saints to Heav'n with more Submission bow:

I have no Will but what your Eyes ordain:
Destin'd to Love, as they are doom'd to Reign.

Cel. [*Aside.*] Into what Hands, ye Gods! have
you resign'd
Your World? Are these the Masters of Mankind?
These supple *Romans* teach our Women Scorn,
I thank you Gods, that I'm a *Briton* born.

Agree

Agree these Trifles in a short Debate.

Woman [*To her.*] no more of this, but follow
 strait:

And you [*To him.*] be quick, I am not us'd to wait.

[*Exit Celius.*]

ORIANA *stands silent and weeping a-while, CON-*
STANTIUS looking concern'd. After a short
Pause ORIANA speaks.

Ori. Your Stars and mine have chosen you, to
 prove

The noblest Way how gen'rous Men shou'd love;
 All boast their Flames, but yet no Woman found
 A Passion, where Self-Love was not the Ground.
 Now we're ador'd, and the next Hour displease,
 At first your Cure, and after, your Disease,
 Slaves we are made, by false Pretences caught;
 The *Briton* in my Soul disdains the Thought.

Con. So much, so tenderly, your Slave adores,
 He has no Thought of Happiness, but yours.

Ori. Vows may be feign'd, nor shall meer
 Words prevail,
 I must have Proofs; but Proofs that cannot fail.
 By Arms, by Honour, and by all that's dear
 To Heroes or expecting Lovers swear.

Con. Needs there an Oath? and can *Oriana* say,
Thus I command, and doubt if I'll obey?

Ori. Then to be short, and put you out of Pain,
Leave me, and never see my Face again.
Start not, nor look surpriz'd, nor pausing stand,
Be your Obedience brief, as my Command.

Con. Your strange Command you give with
such an Air,

Well may I pause, who tremble but to hear.
Love is a Plant of the most tender Kind,
That shrinks and shakes with ev'ry ruffling Wind;
Such Words in jest, scarce can my Heart support,
In Pity, ah! forbear such cruel Sport.

Ori. Our serious Fates no Hours for Mirth allow,
And one short Truth is all my Refuge now.
Prepare then, Prince, to hear a Secret told,
That Shame wou'd shun, and blushing I unfold,
But Dangers pressing, Cowards will grow Bold.
Know then, I Love —

Con. Can you command Despair, yet Love
confess;
And curse with the same Breath with which you
bless?

Ori. Mistake me not — That I do love, is true;
But flatter not your self, it is not you.

Con. Forbid it, Gods! Strike any where but there:

Let but those Frowns, and that disdainful Air,
Be the accusom'd Niceness of the Fair;
Then I might hope, that Time, assiduous Love,
Vows, Tears, and Pray'rs such Coyness might re-
But if engag'd — Recal the fatal Breath [move:
That spoke that Word — the Sound is instant Death.

Ori. Too late to be recall'd, or to deny,
I own the fatal Truth; if one must die,
You are the Judge, say, is it you, or I?

Enter hastily a BRITON.

Brit. The King is much displeas'd at this Delay.

Con. And let him wait, while 'tis my Will to stay.

Ori. Bear back a gentler Answer, — We'll obey.

Con. Hence ev'ry Sound that's either soft or kind;
O for a War like that within my Mind:

Yes, by the Gods! I cou'd to Atoms tear,
Confound Mankind, and all the World — but her.
Say Flatterer, say, ah! fair Deluder speak,
Answer me this, e'er yet my Heart do's break;
Since thus engag'd, you never cou'd intend
Your Love, why was I flatter'd with your Hand?

Ori. To what a Father, and a King thinks fit,
A Daughter and a Subject must submit.

Think

Think not from Tyranny that Love can grow;
I am a Slave, and you have made me so.

Those Chains that Duty have put on, remove;
Slaves may obey, but they can never love.

Con. Cruel Oriana, much you wrong'd my Flame,
To think that I could lay so harsh a Claim.

Love is a Subject to himself alone,

And knows no other Empire than his own;

No Ties can bind, that from Constraint arise,

Where either's forc'd, all Obligation dies;

Curst be the Man, who uses other Art

But only Love, to captivate a Heart.

O fatal Law! requiring to resign

The Object lov'd; or hated, keep her mine.

Ori. Accuse me not of Hate; with equal Eyes

I judge your Merit, and your Virtue prize;

Friendship, Esteem be yours: Bereft before

Of all my Love, what can I offer more?

Your Rival's Image in your Worth I view,

And what I lov'd in him, esteem in you;

Had your Complaint been first, it might have
mov'd;

He then had been esteem'd, and you belov'd:

Then blame not me, since nothing bars your Fate,

But that you pleaded last, and came too late.

[Constantius stands in a thoughtful Posture.

Cor.

Cor. Thus Merit's useless; Fortune holds the Scale,

And still throws in the Weight that must prevail;
Your Rival is not of more Charms possess,
A Grain of better Luck has made him blest.

Con. To love, and have the Power to possess,
And yet resign, can Flesh and Blood do this?
Shall Nature, erring from her first Command,
Self-Preservation, fall by her own Hand?

By her own Act, the Springs of Life destroy,
The Principles, and Being of her Joy?

Sensual and base — Can Nature then approve
Blessings obtain'd, by cursing whom we Love?

Possessing, she is lost; renouncing, I;
Where then's the Doubt? Die, die *Constantins*, die.

Honour and Love, ye Tyrants, I obey,
Where-e'er your cruel Call directs my Way,

To Shame, to Chains, or to a certain Grave,
Lead on, unpitying Guides, behold your Slave.

Ori. Love's an ignoble Joy, below your Care,
Glory shall make amends with Fame in War,
Honour's the noblest Chase, pursue that Game,
And recompence the Loss of Love with Fame:
If still against such Aids your Love prevails,
Yet Absence is a Cure that seldom fails.

Con.

Con. Tyrannick Honour! what Amends canst thou

E'er make my Heart, by flattering my Brow?
 Vain Race of Fame! unless the Conquest prove
 In search of Beauty, to conclude in Love.
 Frail Hope of Aids! for Time or Chance to give
 That Love, which spite of Cruelty can live!
 From your Disdain, since no Relief I find,
 I must love Absent, whom I love Unkind;
 Tho' Seas divide us, and tho' Mountains part,
 That fatal Form will ever haunt my Heart.
 O! dire Reverse of Hope, that I endure,
 From sure Possession, to Despair as sure!
 Farewel, *Oriana*; yet, e'er I remove,
 Can you refuse one Tear to bleeding Love?
 Ah no, take heed, turn, turn those Eyes away,
 The Charm's so strong, I shall for ever stay.
 Princesses rejoyce, for your next News shall be
Constantius dies to set *Oriana* free.

[*Exeunt severally.*]



A C T



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A thick-wooded Forest.**Enter ARCABON seeming Pensive, and ARCALAUS.*

Arcab. **N**O Warning of th'approaching Flame,
Swiftly like sudden Death it came;
Like Travellers by Light'ning kill'd,
I burnt the Moment I beheld.

In whom so many Charms are plac'd,
Is with a Mind as nobly grac'd;
The Case, so shining to behold,
Is fill'd with richest Gems and Gold.

To what my Eyes admir'd before,
I add a thousand Graces more,
And Fancy blows into a Flame
The Spark, that from his Beauty came.

The Object, thus improv'd by Thought,
By my own Image I am caught.

Pyg-

Pygmalion so with fatal Art
Polisht the Form, that stung his Heart.

Arcal. Enchantress say, whence such Replies
as these?

Thou answer'st Love, I speak of *Amadis*.

Arcab. Swiftly he past, and as in Sport pursu'd
The savage Herd, and hunted round the Wood;

[*Seeming not to mind him.*]

Tygers and Wolves in vain his Stroke withstand,
Cut down, like Poppies by the Reaper's Hand;
Like *Mars* he look'd, as terrible and strong,
Like *Jove* majestick, like *Apollo* young;
With all their Attributes divinely grac'd,
And sure their Thunder in his Arm was plac'd.

Arcal. Who pass'd? who look'd?

Arcab. Ah! there's the fatal Wound,
That tears my Heartstrings — But he shall be found:
Yes, ye Infernals, if there's Pow'r in Art,
My Arms shall hold him, as he grasps my Heart.
Shall I, who can draw down the Moon, and keep
The Stars confin'd, enchant the boist'rous Deep,
Bid *Boreas* halt, make Hills and Forests move,
Shall I be baffled by this Trifler, Love? [mount,

Arcal. Suspend these Follies, and let Rage sur-
A Brother's Death requires a strict Account;

To

To Day, to Day, perhaps this very Hour,
This Moment, now, the Murth'rer's in our Pow'r.
Leave Love in Cottages and Cells to reign,
With Nymphs obscure, and with the lowly Swain.
Who waste their Days and Strength in such short
Joys,

Are Fools, that barter precious Life for Toys.

Arcab. They're Fools who preach we waste
our Days and Strength;

What is a Life whose only Charm is Length?
Give me a Life that's short, and wing'd with Joy,
A Life of Love, whose Minutes never cloy;
What is an Age in dull Renown drudg'd o'er?
One little single Hour of Love is more.

An Attendant enters hastily, and whispers

ARCALAUS.

Arcal. See it perform'd — And thou shalt be,
Dire Instrument of Hell, a God to me.

[*Exit Attendant.*

He comes, he comes, just ready to be caught.
Here *Ardan* fell, here on this fatal Spot
Our Brother dy'd; here flow'd that precious Gore
The purple Flood, that cries so loud for more:
Think on that Image, see him on the Ground,
His Life and Fame both bury'd in one Wound.

Think

Think on the Murderer, with insulting Pride
Tearing the Weapon from his bleeding Side,
Oh think —

Arcab. What need these bloody Images to move?
Revenge I will — And wou'd secure my Love.
Why shou'd I of a Frailty shameful be,
From which no Mortal yet was ever free?
Not fierce *Medea*, Mistress of our Art,
Nor *Circe*, nor *Calipso* 'scap'd the Smart.
If Hell has Pow'r, both Passions I will please,
My Anger and my Love shall both have Ease.
Lead on, Magician, make Revenge secure,
My Hand's as ready, and shall strike as sure.

[*They go off.*]

*ORIANA and CORISANDA appear entering from
the lower Part of the Scene.*

Ori. Thrice happy they, who thus in Woods and
Groves,
From Courts retir'd, possess their peaceful Loves;
Of royal Maids, how wretched is the Fate,
Born only to be Victims of the State,
Our Hopes, our Wishess, all our Passions ty'd
For publick Use; the Slaves of others Pride.
Here let us wait th' Event, on which alone
Depends my Peace, I tremble 'till 'tis known.

Cor

Cor. So generous this Emperor's Love does seem,
Twou'd justifie a Change, to change for him.

[*Flourish of Musick as in the Forest.*]

Ori. Oft we have heard such airy Sounds as these,
Which in soft Musick murm'ring thro' the Trees
Salute us as we pass—

Cor. The Air we breath sure is enchanted Air.

[*They listen, looking about as surpriz'd.*]

Enter several of ARCALAUS's Magicians, re-
presenting Shepherds and Shepherdesses, singing
and dancing.

A SHEPHERDESS.

Follow ye Nymphs and Shepherds all,

Come celebrate this Festival,

And merrily sing, and sport, and play,

For 'tis Oriana's Nuptial Day.

To Oriana.] *Queen of Britain, and of Love,*

Be happy as the Blest above;

A joyful Day is in thy Power,

Seize, O seize the smiling Hour,

Graces numberless attend thee,

The Gods as many Blessings send thee:

P

Be

*Be happy as the Blest above,
Queen of Britain, and of Love.*

[Exeunt, singing in

CHORUS.

Follow ye Nymphs, &c.

Ori. Prepostrous Nuptials, that fill ev'ry Breast
With Joy, but only hers, who shou'd be blest.

Cor. Sure some Magician keeps his Revels here:
Princess retire, there may be Danger near.

Ori. What Danger in such gentle Notes can be?
Thou Friend to Love, thrice-pow'rful Harmony,
I'll follow thee — Play on —
Musick's the Balm of Love, it charms Despair,
Suspends the Smart, and softens ev'ry Care.

[Exeunt, following the Musick.

ARCALAUS enters, with an Attendant, observing them.

Arcal. Finish the rest, and then be free as Air
My Eyes ne'er yet beheld a Form so fair.
Happy beyond my Wish, I go to prove
At once, the Joys of sweet Revenge and Love.

[Exeunt, following

Enter

Enter AMADIS and FLORESTAN.

Amad. Mistake me not — No, *Amadis* shall die,
If she is pleas'd, but not disturb her Joy.

Nice Honour still engages to requite
False Mistresses, and proud, with Slight for Slight?

But if, like mine, the stubborn Heart retain

A wilful Tenderness, the Brave must feign,

In private grieve, but with a careless Scorn

In publick, seem to triumph, not to mourn.

Flor. Hard is the Task, in Love or Grief to feign,

When Passion is sincere, it will complain:

Doubts that from Rumour rose, you shou'd suspend,

From evil Tongues what Virtue can defend?

In Love, who injures by a rash Distrust

The Aggressor, and the first unjust.

Amad. If she is true, why all this Nuptial Noise

Still ecchoing as we pass her guilty Joys?

Who to a Woman trusts his Peace of Mind,

Trusts a frail Bark, with a tempestuous Wind.

Thus to *Ulysses*, on the *Stygian* Coast

His Fate enquiring, spake *Atrides* Ghost;

Of all the Plagues with which the World is curst,

Of ev'ry Ill, a Woman is the worst,

Trust not a Woman. — Well might he advise,

Who perish'd by his Wife's Adulteries.

Flor. Thus in Despair, what most we love, we
wrong;

Not Heav'n escapes the impious Atheist's Tongue.

Amad. Enticing *Crocodiles*, whose Tears are
Death;

Sirens, that murder with enchanting Breath:

Like *Egypt's* Temples, dazzling to the Sight,

Pompously deck'd, all gaudy, gay, and bright,

With glitt'ring Gold and sparkling Gems they shine,

But Apes and Monkeys are the Gods within.

Flor. My Love attends with Pain, while you pur-
This angry Theme: I have a Mistress too: [sue

The faultless Form no secret Stains disgrace,

A beauteous Mind unblemish'd as her Face,

Not painted and adorn'd to varnish Sin,

Without all Goddess, all Divine within,

By Truth maintaining what by Love she got,

A Heav'n without a Cloud, a Sun without a Spot

Amad. Forgive the Visions of my frantick Brain,

Far from the Man I love, be all such Pain:

By the immortal Gods I swear, my Friend,

The Fates to me no greater Joy cou'd send,

Than that your Labours meet a prosp'rous End,

After so many glorious Toils, that you

Have found a Mistress, beautiful and true.

ORIANA and CORISANDA without.

Ori. and Cor. Help, help, oh! Heav'ns, help —

Amad. What Cries are these?

Flor. It seem'd the Call of Women in Distress.
Of savage Beasts and Men a monstrous Brood
Possess this Land —

Ori. and Cor. Help, help —

Amad. Again the Cry's renew'd.
Draw both our Swords, and fly with Speed to save;
Th' oppress'd have a sure Refuge in the Brave.

[Exeunt drawing their Swords.]

*[Oriana and Corisanda cross the Stage pursu'd
by a Party belonging to Arcalaus.]*

Ori. and Cor. Help, help.

Party. Pursue, pursue.

[Flor. crosses the Stage following the Pursuit.]

*ARCALAUS enters fighting, and retreating be-
fore AMADIS.*

Arcal. Forbear, rash Mortal, give thy Frenzy o'er,
For know thou tempt'st a more than mortal Pow'r.

Amad. Think not my Sword shall give the least
Reprieve,

Twere Cruelty to let such Monsters live.

*[Florestan re-enters retreating before another
Party, is seiz'd, disarm'd and carry'd off.]*

Arcal. Yet pause, and be advis'd; Avoid thy
Fate;

Without thy Life, my Vengeance is compleat:
Behold thy Friend born to eternal Chains,
Remember *Ardan* now, and count thy Gains.

Amad. Like *Ardan's* be thy Fate, unpity'd fall,
Thus I'll at once revenge, and free 'em all.

Fight again, Arcalaus still retreating 'till off the Stage. Instruments of Horror are heard under Ground, and in the Air. Monsters and Demons rise from under the Stage, whilst others fly down from above, crossing to and fro in Confusion: Clashing of Swords behind the Scenes: Thunder and Lightning, during which Time the Stage is darken'd. On the sudden a Flourish of all the Musick succeeds, the Sky clears, and the Scene changes to a pleasant Prospect, Amadis appears leaning on his Sword, surrounded by Shepherds and Shepherdesses, who with Songs, Musick and Dances perform the following Enchantment.

A SHEPHERD.

Love, Creator Love, appear,
Attend and bear;
Appear.

A SHEPHERDESS.

*Love, Creator Love,
Parent of Heav'n and Earth,
Delight of Gods above,
To thee all Nature owes her Birth,
Love, Creator Love.*

CHORUS.

*Appear, appear,
Attend and hear,
Appear.*

SHEPHERD.

*All that in ambient Air does move,
Or teems on fertile Fields below,
Or sparkles in the Skies above,
Or does in rowling Waters flow,
Spring from the Seeds that thou dost sow,
Love, Creator Love.*

CHORUS

*Appear, appear,
Attend and hear,
Appear.*

SHEPHERDESS.

*When Love is away,
 Or is not ours,
 How dull is the Day,
 How slow the Hours!*
*When Love is away there's no Delight;
 How dull is the Day,
 When Love's away,
 How dull is the Day,
 How slow the Hours;*
But wing'd with Love, how swift is the Flight.

CHORUS.

*Better in Love a Slave to be,
 Than with the widest Empires free.*
 [Symphony for Discord.

ODE for DISCORD.

*When Love's away, then Discord reigns:
 The Furies he unchains,
 Bids Æolus unbind
 The Northern Wind,
 That fetter'd lay in Caves,
 And root up Trees, and plough the Plains.
 Old Ocean frets and raves,
 From their deep Roots the Rocks he tears,*
 Whole

*Whole Deluges lets fly,
 That dash against the Sky,
 And seem to drown the Stars.
 Th' assaulted Clouds return the Shock,
 Blue Lightnings singe the Waves,
 And Thunder rends the Rock.
 Then Jove usurps his Father's Crown,
 Instructing Mortals to aspire;
 The Father would destroy the Son,
 The Son dethrones the Syre.
 The Titans, to regain their Right,
 Prepare to try a second Fight,
 Briareus arms his hundred Hands,
 And marches forth the bold Gygantick Bands.
 Pelion upon Ossa thrown
 Steep Olympus they invade,
 Gods and Giants tumble down,
 And Mars is foil'd by Encelade.
 Horror, Confusion, vengeful Ire,
 Daggers, Poison, Sword, and Fire,
 To execute the destin'd Wrath conspire:
 The Faries loose their snaky Rods,
 And lash both Men and Gods.*

Chorus of Instrumental Musick for Discord.

S Y M-

SYMPHONY for LOVE.

SHEPHERDESS.

*But when Love bids Discord cease,
The jarring Seeds unite in Peace;
O the Pleasures past expressing!
All is Joy, and all is Blessing.*

*Hail to Love, and welcome Joy,
Hail to the delicious Boy!*

*In Cyprus first the God was known;
Then coasting to the Main,
In Britany he fix'd his Reign,
And in Oriana's Eyes his Throne.*

CHORUS.

*Hail to Love, and Welcome Joy,
Hail to the delicious Boy!*

*See the Sun from Love returning,
Love's the Flame in which he's burning.*

*See the Zephyrs kissing close,
On Flora's Breast their Wings repose.
Hail to Love! the softest Pleasure;
Love and Beauty reign for ever.*

DANCE.

Dance of Shepherds, and Shepherdesses.

SHEP-

SHEPHERDESS to AMADIS.

Now Mortal prepare,

For thy Fate is at hand;

Now Mortal prepare

And surrender.

For Love shall arise,

Whom no Pow'r can withstand,

Who rules from the Skies

To the Center.

Now Mortal prepare,

For thy Fate is at Hand;

Now Mortal prepare

And surrender.

ORIANA rises enchanted, reposing on a Bed of Flowers. Amadis seeing her, throws away his Sword, and offers to run to her, but is seiz'd in the same Instant.

[Arms,

Amad. I'll break thro' all Enchantment to those
I am all Love, and thou all over Charms.

[Here he is seiz'd: Oriana wakes and rises.

Ori. In what enchanted Regions am I lost?

Am I alive? Or wander here a Ghost?

Art thou too dead?

Amad.

Amad. Where-e'er you are, the Realms of Bliss
must be;

I see my Goddeſs, and 'tis Heav'n to ſee!
Stand off — and give me way —

Ori. No — keep him there,
Th' ungrateful Traitor, let him not come near:
Convey the Wretch where *Sisyphus* atones
For Crimes enormous, and where *Tityus* groans,
With Robbers and with Murderers let him prove
Immortal Pains — for he has murder'd Love.

Amad. Have I done this!

Ori. Baſe and perfidious Man,
Let me be heard, and answer if you can.
Was it your Love, when trembling by your Side
I wept, and I implor'd, and almoſt dy'd,
Urging your Stay — Was it your Love that bore
Your faithleſs Veſſel, from the *British* Shore?
What ſaid I not, upon the fatal Night
When you avow'd your meditated Flight?
Was it your Love, that prompted you to part
To leave me dying, and to break my Heart?
See whom you fled, Inhuman and Ingrate,
Repent your Folly, but repent too late.

Amad. Miſtaken Princeſs! By the Stars above,
The Pow'rs below, and by Immortal *Jove*,
Unwilling and compell'd —

Ori.

Ori. Unwilling and compell'd! Vain, vain Pre-
tence,

For base Neglect, and cold Indifference.
Was it your Love, when by those Stars above,
Those Pow'rs below, and that Immortal Jove,
You vow'd, before the first revolving Moon
You wou'd return — Did you return? The Sun
Thrice round the circled Globe was seen to move,
You neither came, nor sent — Was this your Love?

Amad. Thrice has that Sun beheld me on your
Coast,
By Tempests beaten, and in Shipwrecks lost.

Ori. And yet you chose those Perils of the Sea,
Of Rocks, and Storms, or any thing, but me.
The raging Ocean, and the Winter Wind,
Touch'd at my Passion, with my Wishes join'd,
No Image, but of certain Fate appear'd,
Less I your Absence, than your Danger fear'd;
In vain they threaten'd, and I su'd in vain,
More deaf than Storms, more cruel than the Main,
No Pray'r, nor gentle Message cou'd prevail,
To wait a calmer Sky, or softer Gale;
You brav'd the Danger, and despis'd the Love,
Nor Death cou'd fright, nor Tendernefs cou'd
move.

Amad.

Amad. Of our past Lives, the Pleasure, and
the Pain,

Fixt in my Soul, for ever shall remain:
Recall more gently my unhappy State,
And charge my Crime, not on my Choice, but Fate:
In Mortal Breast, sure, Honour never wag'd
So dire a War, nor Love more fiercely rag'd;
You saw my Torment, and you knew my Heart,
'Twas Infamy to stay, 'twas Death to part.

Ori. In vain you'd cover, with the Thirst of Fame,
And Honour's Call, an odious Traitor's Name;
Cou'd Honour such vile Perfidy approve?
Is it no Honour, to be true to Love?

O *Venus!* Parent of the *Trojan* Race,
In *Britain* too, some Remnants found a Place;
From *Brute* descending in a Line direct,
Within these Veins, thy fav'rite Blood respect,
Mother of Love, by Men and Gods rever'd,
Confirm these Vows, and let this Pray'r be heard.
The *Briton* to the *Gaul* henceforth shall bear
Immortal Hatred, and Eternal War;
Nor League, nor Commerce, let the Nations know,
But Seeds of everlasting Discord grow;
With Fire and Sword the faithless Race pursue,
This Vengeance to my injur'd Love is due:

Rise from our Ashes some avenging Hand,
To curb their Tyrants, and invade their Land,
Waves fight with Waves, and Shores with Shores
engage,

And let our Sons inherit the same Rage.

Amad. Might I be heard one Word in my Defence —

Ori. No, not a Word. What specious forc'd
Pretence

Wou'd you invent, to gild a weak Defence?
To false *Aeneas*, when 'twas given by Fate
To tread the Paths of Death, and view the *Sty-*
gian State,

Forfaken *Dido* was the first that stood
To strike his Eye, her Bosom bath'd in Blood
Fresh from her Wound: Pale Horror and Affright
Seiz'd the false Man, confounded at the Sight,
Trembling he gaz'd, and some faint Words he
spoke,

Some Tears he shed, which, with disdainful Look,
Unmov'd she heard, and saw, nor heeded more,
Than the firm Rock, when faithless Tempests roar.
With one last Glance, his Falshood she upbraids,
Then sullenly retires, and seeks eternal Shades.
Lead me, O lead me, where the bleeding Queen,
With just Reproaches, loads perfidious Men,

Ba-

Banish'd from Joy, from Empire, and from Light,
 In Death involve me, and in endless Night,
 But keep—that odious Object—from my Sight.

[Exit.

Enter ARCALAUS.

Arcal. With her last Words she sign'd his dying
 Breath;
 Convey him strait to Tortures, and to Death.

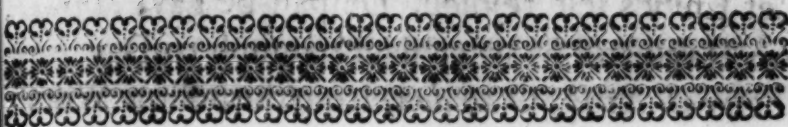
Amad. Let me not perish with a Traitor's Name!
 Naked, unarm'd, and single as I am,
 Loose this right Hand, I challenge all thy Odds
 Of Heav'n, or Hell, of Demons, or of Gods.

Arcal. Hence to his Fate the valiant Boaster bear.

[They force him off.
 For him, let our infernal Priests prepare
 Their Knives, their Cords, and Altars—But for her,
 Soft Beds, and flow'ry Banks, and fragrant Bow'rs,
 Musick and Songs, and all those melting Pow'rs
 With which Love steals on Hearts, and tunes the
 Mind
 To tenderness and yielding—
 Superior Charms, enchant us to be kind.

[Exeunt.

ACT



ACT III. SCENE I

ARCALAUS and ARCABON meeting.

Arcal. **W**elcome as after Darkness chearful
Light,

Or to the weary Wanderer downy Night:
Smile, smile, O *Arcabon*, for ever smile,
And with thy gayest Looks reward my Toil:
That fullen Air but ill becomes thee now,
See'st thou not glorious Conquest on my Brow?

Amadis, Amadis——

Arcab. Dead, or in Chains? Be quick in thy
Reply.

Arcal. He lives, my *Arcabon*, but lives to die.
The gnawing Vulture, and the restless Wheel,
Shall be Delight to what the Wretch shall feel.

Arcab. Goddess of dire Revenge, *Erinnis* rise,
With Pleasure grace thy Lips, with Joy thy Eyes;
Smile like the Queen of Love, and strip the Rocks
Of Pearls and Gems, to deck thy jetty Locks,
With chearful Tunes disguise thy hollow Throat,
And emulate the Lark and Linnets Note;

Q

Let

Let Envy's self rejoice, Despair be gay,
For Rage and Murder shall triumph to Day.

Arcal. Arise, O *Ardan*, from the hollow Womb
Of Earth, arise, burst from thy brazen Tomb,
Bear witness to the Vengeance we prepare,
Rejoice, and rest for ever void of Care.

Arcab. *Pluto* arise, Infernal King release
Thy tortur'd Slaves, and let the damn'd have Peace,
But double all their Pains on *Amadis*.

Arcal. Mourn all ye Heav'ns, above yon azure
Plain

Let Grief abound, and Lamentation reign,
The Thunderer with Tears bedew his Sky,
For *Amadis*, his Champion, 's doom'd to die.

Arcab. Death be my Care : For to complete
his Woe,

The Slave shall perish by a Woman's Blow ;
Thus each by turns shall his dire Vow fulfil :
'Twas thine to conquer, and 'tis mine to kill.

Arcal. So look'd *Medéa*, when her Rival Bride
Upon her nuptial Day, consuming dy'd :
O never more let Love disguise a Face,
By Rage adorn'd with such triumphant Grace.

Arcab. In sweet Revenge inferior Joys are lost
And Love lyes shipwrack'd on the stormy Coast

Rage rules all other Passions in my Breast,
And swelling like a Torrent, drowns the rest.
Should this curst Wretch, whom most my Soul
abhors,

Prove the dear Man whom most my Soul adores,
Love shou'd in vain defend him with his Dart,
Thro' all his Charms I'd stab him to the Heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter CONSTANTIUS, CELIUS, LUCIUS a
Roman, and Guard of Britons.

Con. Refus'd a Safeguard, menac'd and confin'd!
Do Royal Guests no better Usage find?
Are these the Customs of the *British* Court?
Here only then let Beasts, not Men, resort;
This Treatment, *Briton*, from another Man—

Cel. It is my Will, and help it as you can.
From Contracts sign'd, and Articles agreed,
With *British* Faith it suits not to recede:
How may the World interpret such Neglect,
And on her Beauty, or her Fame reflect;
Roman, consider well what Course you run,
Resolve to be my Prisoner, or my Son.

Q 2

If

If this sounds rude, then know, we *Britons* slight
 The supple Arts that Foreigners delight,
 Nor stand on Forms to vindicate our Right.

[Exit King Celiuſ.

Luc. Happy Extremity! now Prince be bleſt,
 Of all you love and all you wiſh poſſeſt;
 No Censure you incur, conſtrain'd to chuſe,
 Poſſeſt at once of Pleaſure and Excuse.

Con. If for my ſelf alone I wou'd poſſeſs,
 'Twere ſenſual Joy, and brutal Happineſs:
 When moſt we love, embracing and embrac'd,
 The Particle ſublime of Blis, is plac'd
 In Raptures that we feel the raviſh'd Charmer taſt
Oriana, no — tho' certain Death it be,
 I'll keep my Word — I'll die, or ſet thee free.
 Haſte *Luciuſ*, haſte, ſound loud our Trumpets, call
 Our Guard to Arms, tho' few, they're *Romans* all.
 Now tremble ſavage King, a *Roman* Hand
 Shall ne'er be bound, that can a Sword command.

As they go off, re-enter CELIUS haſtily, attended as before.

Cel. Not to be found! ſhe muſt, ſhe ſhall be found —
 Diſperſe out Parties, ſearch our Kingdoms round.
 Follow *Conſtantiuſ*, ſieze him, torture, kill,
 Traitor! what Vengeance I can have, I will.

Well

Well have thy Gods, O *Rome*, secur'd thy Peace,
Planted behind so many Lands and Seas,
Or thou shou'dst feel me, City, in thy Fall,
More dreadful than the *Samnite* or the *Gaul*;
But to supply and recompence this Want,
Hear, O ye Guardians of our Isle, and grant
That Wrath may rise, and Strife immortal come
Betwixt the Gods of *Britain*, and of *Rome*. [*Exit*.

The Scene changes to a Scene of Tombs and Dungeons; Men and Women chain'd in Rows opposite to each other; in the Front of the Captives Florestan and Corisanda. A Guard of Dæmons. Plaintive Musick.

To be sung by a Captive King.

*Look down ye Pow'rs, look down,
And cast a pitying Eye
Upon a Monarch's Misery.
Look down, look down.*

*I who but now, on Thrones of Gold,
Gave Laws to Kingdoms uncontroul'd,
To Empire born,
From Empire torn,
A wretched Slave,
A wretched Slave,
Am now of Slaves the Scorn.*

Alas!

*Alas! the Smiles of Fortune prove
As variable as Womens Love.*

*Look down ye Pow'rs, look down,
And cast a pitying Eye
Upon a Monarch's Misery,
Look down, look down,
Avenge affronted Majesty,
Avenge, avenge, avenge
Affronted Majesty.*

By a Captive Lover.

*The happy'st Mortals once were we,
I lov'd Myra, Myra me;
Each desirous of the Blessing,
Nothing wanting but Possessing;
I lov'd Myra, Myra me,
The happy'st Mortals once were we.*

*But since cruel Fates dissever,
Torn from Love, and torn for ever,
Tortures end me,
Death befriend me:
Of all Pains, the greatest Pain
Is to love, and love in vain.*

By a Captive Libertine.

I.

*Plague us not with idle Stories,
Whining Loves, and senseless Glories,
What are Lovers, what are Kings,
What at best but slavish Things.*

II.

*Free I liv'd as Nature made me,
Love nor Beauty durst invade me,
No rebellious Slaves betray'd me,
Free I liv'd as Nature made me.*

III.

*Each by Turns, as Sense inspir'd me,
Bacchus, Ceres, Venus fir'd me;
I alone have lost true Pleasure,
Freedom is the only Treasure.*

Chorus of Dæmons expressing Horror and
Despair.

Cease, ye Slaves, your fruitless Grieving,

No, no,

The Powers below

No Pity know,

Cease, ye Slaves, your fruitless Grieving.

No, no,
 The Powers below
 No Pity know,
 Cease, ye Slaves, your fruitless Grieving.

Fourth Dance of Devils.

Flor. to Cor.] To taste of Pain, and yet to gaze
 on thee,

To meet, and yet to mourn, but ill agree.
 Well may the Brave contend, the Wise contrive,
 In vain against their Stars the destin'd strive.

Cor. So to th'appointed Grove, the feather'd Pair
 Fly chirping on, unwatchful of the Snare,
 Pursuing Love, and wing'd with am'rous Thought,
 The wanton Couple in one Toil are caught,
 In the same Cage in mournful Notes complain,
 Of the same Fate, and curse perfidious Men.

Captives. O Heav'ns, take Pity of our Pains,
 Let Death give Freedom from our Chains.

Flourish of Instruments of Horror. Enter AR-
CABON with a Dagger in her Hand, attended
by infernal Spirits.

Arcab. Your Vows have reach'd the Gods;
 your Chains and Breath
 Have the same Date —
 Prepare for Freedom, for I bring you Death.

He who so oft has 'scap'd th' Assaults of Hell,
Whom yet no Spells could bind, no Force cou'd }
By whom so many bold Enchanters fell, [quell,

Amadis, Amadis, this joyful Day,

Your Guardian Deity himself's our Prey.

From all their Dungeons let our Captives come,
Idle Spectators of their Hero's Doom.

[Other Dungeons open, and discover more Captives in Chains.]

Cor. On me, on me, let ev'ry Vengeance fall,
Make me the Victim to atone for all.

Flor. Rather on me let all your Fury bend,
But save, O save my Mistress and my Friend.

Arcab. As soon the Lioness shall starve, to spare
Her Prey — Behold the Sacrifice appear.

[A Traverse is drawn discovering Amadis in Chains, Arcabon advancing hastily to stab him, starts and stops.]

Thou dy'st — What strange and what resistless
Charm,

With secret Force, arrests my lifted Arm?

What art thou, who with more than Magick Art
Dost make my Hand unfaithful to my Heart?

Amad. One, who disdaining Mercy, sues to die;
I ask not Life, for Life were Cruelty.

Of

Of all the wretched, search the World around,
A more unhappy never can be found.

Let loose thy Rage, like an avenging God,
Fain wou'd my Soul encumber'd cast her Load.

Arcab. In ev'ry Feature of that charming Face
The dear Enchanter of my Soul I trace:

[*Aside observing him.*

My Brother! had my Father too been kill'd,
Nay, my whole Race, his Blood should not be spill'd.
The Tyes of Nature do but weakly move,
The strongest Tye of Nature, is in Love.

[*Stands gazing upon him.*

Amad. O *Florestan*! I see those Chains with
Shame,

Which I cou'd not prevent — O Stain to Fame!
O Honour lost for ever! *Theseus* fell,
But *Hercules* remain'd unconquer'd still,
And freed his Friend — What Man cou'd do, I did,
Nor was I overpower'd, but betray'd.

O my lov'd Friend! with better Grace we stood
In Arms repelling Death, wading in Blood
To Victories; the manly Limb that trod
Firm and erect, beneath a treble Load
Of pond'rous Mail, these shameful Bonds disdains,
And sinks beneath th'inglorious Weight of Chains.

Fler.

Flor Where shall the Brave and Good for Refuge run,

When to be virtuous is to be undone?

Sure *Jupiter's* depos'd, some Giant rules

An impious World, contriv'd for Knaves and Fools.

Arcab. He spoke, and ev'ry Accent to my Heart
Gave a fresh Wound, and was another Dart:

He weeps — but reddens at the Tears that fall —

Is it for these? Be quick, and free 'em all.

[*Throws away h. r. Dagger.*]

Let ev'ry Captive be releas'd from Chains:

How is it that I love, if he complains?

Hence ev'ry Grief, and ev'ry anxious Care,

Mix with the Seas and Winds, raise Tempests there:

Strike all your Strings, to joyful Measures move,

And ev'ry Voice sound Liberty and Love.

*Flourish of all the Musick. The Captives are set
at Liberty. Arcabon frees Amadis her self.*

S O N G.

Liberty! Liberty!

Ah how sweet is Liberty!

Arm, arm, the gen'rous Britons cry,

Let us live free, or let us die,

Trumpets sounding, Banners flying,

Braving Tyrants, Chains defying,

Arm,

*Arm, arm, the gen'rous Britons cry,
Let us live free, or let us die,
Liberty! Liberty!*

Another Voice.

*Happy Isle, all Joys possessing,
Clime resembling Heav'n above,
Freedom 'tis that crowns thy Blessing,
Land of Liberty, and Love!
When thy Nymphs, to cure Complaining,
Set themselves and Lovers free,
In the Blessing of Obtaining,
Ah! how sweet is Liberty?*

Fifth Dance of Captives.

Florestan and Corifanda run into each others Arms,

Flor. In this enchanting Circle let me be,
For ever and for ever bound with thee.

Cor. Life of my Life, and Charmer of my Heart,
From these Embraces let us never part.

Flor. Never, O never — In some safe Retreat,
Far from the Noise and Tumults of the Great,
Secure and happy on each others Breast,
Within each others Arms we'll ever rest;

Those

Those Eyes shall make my Days serene and bright,
These Arms, thus circling round me, bless the Night.

*Arcabon advances with Amadis, the rest stand in
Rows, bowing as they advance.*

Arcab. When Rage like mine makes such a
sudden Pause,

Methinks 'twere easie to divine the Cause:
Soldiers, tho' rough, may in a Lady's Face
The secret Meaning of her Blushes trace,
When short-breath'd Sighs, and catching Glances,
sent

From dying Eyes, reveal the kind Intent.

All Day in Wars rude Hazards take Delight,
But Love and gentler Pleasures rule the Night.

Amad. The Lords of Fate, who all our Lots
decree,

Have destin'd Fame no other Joy for me,
My fullen Stars in that one Circle move,
The happy only are ordain'd for Love.

Arcab. The Stars that you reproach, my Art
can force,

I can direct 'em to a kinder Course.

What conquer'd Nations, driven from the Field,
Can please your Pride, like tender Maids that yield?

What

What Sound so sweet or ravishing, can move
 Like the soft Whisper of consenting Love?
 What Spoils of Fame, what Trophies have the
 Charms

Of Love, triumphant in a Virgin's Arms?
 Freely as Nature made the Treasure mine,
 And boldly rifle all, each Gem is thine;
 Unguarded see the Maiden Casket stand,
 Glad of the Theft, to court the Robber's Hand;
 Honour his wonted Watch no longer keeps,
 Seize quickly, Soldier, while the Dragon sleeps.

Amad. Enchanting are your Looks, less Magick
 lyes

In your mysterious Art, than in your Eyes,
 Such melting Language claims a soft Return;
 Pity the hopeless Love with which I burn:
 Fast bound already, and not free to chuse,
 I prize the Blessing which I must refuse.

Arcab. Those formal Lovers be for ever curst,
 Who fetter'd free-born Love with Honour first,

[*Turning angrily aside.*

Who thro' fantastick Laws are Virtue's Fools,
 And against Nature will be Slaves to Rules.

How cold he stands! unkindling at my Charms!

[*Observing him.*

Thou Rock of Ice, I'll melt thee in my Arms.

[*To him gently.*

Your Captive Friends have Freedom from this
Hour,

Rejoyce for them, but for thy self much more:
Sublimier Blessings are reserv'd for thee,
Whom Glory calls to be possesst of me.

The Shipwrackt Greeks, cast on *Æea's* Shore,
With trembling Steps the dubious Coast explore;
Who first arrive, unworthy of Regard,

In vain lament, unpity'd and unheard:

But when *Ulysses* with Majestick Mien [Queen,
Approach'd the Throne, wheresat th' Enchantress
Pleas'd with a Presence that invades her Charms,
She takes the bold Advent'rer in her Arms,
Up to her Bed she leads the Conqu'ror on,
Where he enjoys the Daughter of the Sun.

[*She leads Amadis out. Florestan and Corisanda go off together, looking back with Concern after Amadis. The remaining Captives express their Joy for Liberty, with Songs and Dances, with which the Act concludes.*

CHORUS.

I.

To Fortune give immortal Praise,
Fortune deposes, and can raise;

Fortune

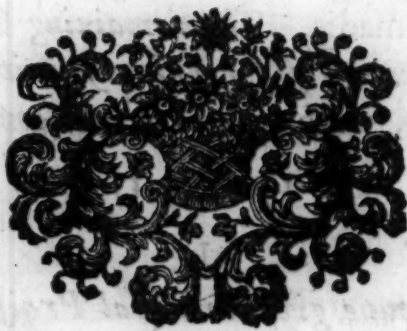
*Fortune the Captives Chains does break;
And brings despairing Exiles back;
However low this Hour we fall,
One lucky Moment may mend all.*

II.

*'Tis Fortune governs all below:
The Statesman's Wiles, the Gamester's Throw,
The Soldier's Fame, the Merchant's Gains,
The Lover's Joy, the Prisoner's Chains,
Are but as Fortune shall bestow;
'Tis Fortune governs all below.*

Sixth Dance of Captives to the Chorus.

[*Exeunt.*]



A C T

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Grove, &c.**Enter ARCABON and ARCALAUS.*

Arcab. **H**IS first Excuses I to Forms allow'd,
And deem'd 'em Policy before the
Croud;

But when alone, in Shades where Lovers hide,
Death! Hell! and Furies! then to be deny'd!

Arcal. Of Women Tyrants 'tis the common
Doom,

Each haughtily sets out in Beauty's Bloom,
Till late repenting, to redeem the past,
You turn abandon'd Prostitutes at last.

Arcab. Who Hate declares, is sure of Hate again:
Rage begets Rage, Disdain provokes Disdain:
Why, why alas shou'd Love less equal prove?
Why is not Love return'd with mutual Love?

Arcal. Blessings when cheap, or certain, we
despise;

T From sure Possession what Desire can rise?

R

Love;

Love, like Ambition, dies as 'tis enjoy'd,
By Doubt provok'd, by Certainty destroy'd.

Arcab. To govern Love, alas! what Woman can?
Yet 'tis an easie Province to a Man.

Why am I then of Hope abandon'd quite?

There is a Cure — I'd ask it — if I might.

Forgive me, Brother, if I pry too far;

I've learnt — my Rival is your Pris'ner here,

If that be true —

Arcal. What thence wou'd you infer?

Arcab. What but her Death — When *Amadis*
is free

From Hopes of her, there may be Hope for me.

Arcal. Thou Cloud to his bright *Juno*; Fool,
shall he

Who has lov'd her, ever descend to thee?

Arcab. Much vainer Fool art thou; where are
those Charms

That are to tempt a Princess to thy Arms?

Thou *Vulcan* to *Oriana's Mars*.

Arcal. But yet,

This *Vulcan* has that *Mars* within his Net.

Your Council comes too late, for 'tis decreed

To make the Woman sure, the Man shall bleed

[*Exit Arcalaus furiously*]

Arcab

Arcab. First perish thou, Earth, Air, and Seas,
and Sky,

Confounded in one Heap of *Chaos* lie,
And ev'ry other living Creature die.

I burn, I burn, the Storm that's in my Mind
Kindles my Heart, like Fires provok'd by Wind:
Love and Resentment, Wishes and Disdain
Blow all at once, like Winds that plough the Main.
Furies, *Alecto*, aid my just Design:

But if, averse to Mercy, you decline
The pious Task: Assist me, Pow'rs divine;
Just Gods, and thou their King, Imperial *Jove*,
Strike whom you please, but save the Man I love.

[*Exit.*

*The SCENE changes to a pleasant Garden, Ori-
ana sitting in a Bower at the lower Part of
the Scene listning to soft Musick. Arcalaus en-
ters bowing respectfully; she rises; they ad-
vance slowly towards the Stage in mute Dis-
course 'till the Musick ceases.*

Arcal. Of Freedom lost, unjustly you complain,
Born to command, where-e'er you come, you reign;
No Fetters here you wear, but others bind,
And not a Prison but an Empire find.

Ori. Death I expect, and I desire it too,
 'Tis all the Mercy to be wish'd from you.
 To die is to be free: Oh let me find
 A speedy Death; that Freedom wou'd be kind.

Arcal. Too cruel to suspect such Ills were meant
 Here is no Death, but what your Eyes present:
 Oh may they reign, those Arbiters of Fate,
 Immortal, as the Loves that they create.
 We know the Cause of this prepos't'rous Grief,
 And we shou'd pity, were there no Relief:
 One Lover lost, have you not Millions more?
 Can you complain of Want, whom all adore?
 All Hearts are yours, ev'n mine, that fierce and free
 Ranging at large, disdain'd Captivity,
 Caught by your Charms, the Savage trembling lies,
 And prostrate in his Chain, for Mercy dies.

Ori. Respect is limited to Pow'r alone,
 Beauty distrest, like Kings from Empire thrown, }
 Each Insolent invades, regardless of a Frown. }
 How art thou chang'd, ah wretched Princess! now,
 When ev'ry Slave that loves, dares tell thee so!

Arcab. If I do love, the Fault is in your Eyes,
 Blame them that wound, and not the Slave that dies
 If we may love, then sure we may declare;
 If we may not, ah why are you so fair!

Who can behold those Lips, that Neck, this Waste,
That Form divine, and not be mad to taste?

Ori. Pluck out these Eyes, revenge thee on
my Face,

Tear off my Cheeks, and root up ev'ry Grace,
Disfigure, kill me, kill me instantly,

Thus may'st thou free thy self at once, and me.

Arcal. Such strange Commands 'twere impious
to obey,

I wou'd revenge my self a gentler Way.

*[Takes her by the Hand, she snatches it away
disdainfully, he turns surlily upon her.]*

Some Hope there is that you may change your
Mind;

Madam, you have not always been unkind.

Ori. Some Whirlwind bear me from this odious
Place,

Earth open wide, and bury my Disgrace;

Save me, ye Pow'rs, from Violence and Shame,

Assist my Virtue, and protect my Fame.

Arcal. Love, with Submission first begins in
Course,

But when that fails, a sure Reserve is Force: [*Aside.*

The nicest Dames, who our Embraces shun,

Wait only a Pretence, and Force is one:

She who thro' Frailty yields, Dishonour gains,
 But she that's forc'd, her Innocence retains:
 Debtors and Slaves for Favours they bestow,
 Invading, we are free, and nothing owe.
 No Tyes of Love or Gratitude constrain,
 But as we like, we leave, or come again.
 It shall be so —

Since softer Arguments have prov'd so vain,
 Force is the last — Resist it if you can.

[Seizes her, she struggles and breaks from him.]
 Ori. Help, help, ye Gods!

Arcal. Who with such Courage can resist Desire,
 With what a Rage she'll love when Raptures fire!
 Behold in Chains your vanquish'd Minion lies,
 And if for nothing but this Scorn, he dies.

[Amadis fast bound in Chains. Oriana and Amadis at Sight of each other start and look amaz'd. Arcalaus advances to stab him, Arcabon in the Instant enters, siezes Oriana, holding a Dagger at her Breast. Arcalaus with-holds his Blow.]

Arcab. Strike boldly, Murd'rer, strike him to
 the Ground,

While thus my Dagger answers ev'ry Wound;
 Drink deep the Blood from the most mortal Part,
 I'll do thee reason in Oriana's Heart.

By

By what new Magick is thy Vengeance charm'd?
Trembles thy Hand, before a Man unarm'd?
When by *Oriana's* Death, debarr'd of Bliss,
Then triumph in the Fate of *Amadis*.

Ori. Strike, my Deliv'rer, 'tis a friendly Stroke,
I shun thee not, but rather wou'd provoke:
Death to the wretched is an end of Care,
But yet, methinks he might that Victim spare.

[*Pointing to Amadis.*

Amad. Burst, burst these Fetters, that like
Perseus I

May to the Succour of the Charmer fly;
My Soul, 'till now, no Dangers cou'd affright,
But trembles, like a Coward's, at this Sight.

Arcab. So passionate! But I'll revenge it here.

Arcal. Hold Fury, or I strike as home; forbear.

[*She offering at Oriana, he offers at Amadis,*
both with-hold their Blow.

Had I enjoy'd — A Curse on the Reprieve!
Thou might'st have struck, and had the Lover's
Leave.

Trumpets sound, enter hastily URGANDA with
a numerous Train of Attendants.

Urg. To Arms, to Arms, ye Spirits of the Air,
Ye Guardians of the Brave, and of the Fair, }
Leave your bright Mansions, and in Arms appear. }

[*Thunder, Trumpets, Kettle-drums and other warlike Instruments. Spirits descend in Clouds, some continue in the Air, playing upon Instruments of War. Others remain rang'd as for Battel. Others descend upon the Stage and draw up in Order of Battel by Amadis, whom Urganda frees, presenting him a Sword Arcabon and Arcalaus look astonish'd, and retire to the opposite Side of the Stage. Oriana goes over to Urganda.*

Arcab. Fly quick, ye Demons, from your black Abodes,

*And try another Combat with the Gods,
Blue Fires and pestilential Fumes arise,
And flaming Fountains spout against the Skies,
From their broad Roots these Oaks and Cedars
tear,*

Burn like my Love, and rage like my Despair.

[*Trumpets sound on Arcabon's Side, which are answer'd on Urganda's. The Grove appears in an Instant all in a Flame. Fountains from below cast up Fire as in Spouts; a Rain of Fire from above. The Sky darken'd the while. Thunder and Lightning. Demons range themselves on the Stage by Arcalaus; other
Demons*

*Demons face Urganda's Spirits in the Air.
Arcalaus advances before his Party with his
Sword drawn to Amadis.*

Arcal. Let Heav'n and Hell stand neuter,
while we try,

On equal Terms, which of us two shall die.

[*Arcalaus and Amadis engage at the Head of
their Parties: A Fight at the same time in
the Air, and upon the Stage: Martial Mu-
sic the while mixt with Instruments of Hor-
ror: Thunder and Lightning. The Demons
are overcome; Arcalaus falls.*

Amad. Thou might'st have learnt more Policy
from Hell,

Than tempt the Sword by which thy Brother fell.

[*To Arcalaus falling.*

Urg. Sound Tunes of Triumph all ye Winds,
and bear

Your Notes aloft, that Heav'n and Earth may hear;
And thou, O Sun, shine out serene and gay,
And bright, as when the Giants lost the Day.

[*The Sky clears, and Tunes of Triumph resound
from all Parts of the Theatre. Amadis ap-
proaches Oriana bowing respectfully. Arca-
bon the while stands sullen and observing.*

Amad.

Amad. While *Amadis Oriana's* Love possessest,
Secure of Empire in that beauteous Breast,
Not *Jove*, the King of Gods, like *Amadis* was }
blest. }

Ori. While to *Oriana Amadis* was true,
Nor wand'ring Flames to distant Climates drew, }
No Heav'n, but only Love, the pleas'd *Oria-* }
na knew. }

Amad. That Heav'n of Love, alas! is mine
no more,

Braving those Pow'rs by whom she falsly swore,
She to *Constantius* wou'd those Charms resign,
If Oaths cou'd bind, that shou'd be only mine.

Ori. With a feign'd Falshood you'd evade your
Part

Of Guilt, and tax a tender faithful Heart:
While by such Ways you'd hide a conscious Flame,
The only Virtue you have left, is Shame.

[Turning disdainfully from him.]

Amad. But shou'd this injur'd Vassal you reject
Prove true, ah what Return might he expect?

[Approaching tenderly.]

Ori. Tho' brave *Constantius* charms, with ev'ry
Art,

That can entice a tender Virgin's Heart,

Whe-

Whether he shines for Glory or Delight,
To tempt Ambition, or enchant the Sight,
Were *Amadis* restor'd to my Esteem,
I wou'd reject a Deity for him.

Amad. Tho' false as watry Bubbles blown by
Fix'd in my Soul, and rooted in my Mind, [Wind, }
I love *Oriana*, faithless and unkind:
Oh were she kind, and faithful as she's fair,
For her alone I'd live, and die for her.

Urg. Adjourn these Murmurs of unquiet Love,
And from this Scene of Rage and Fate remove.
Thy Empire, *Arcabon*, concludes this Hour,
Short is the Date of all flagitious Pow'r;
Spar'd be thy Life, that thou may'st living bear
The Torments of the Damn'd in thy Despair.
Where *Zephirs* only breath, in Myrtle Groves,
There will I lead you to debate your Loves.

[*Urganda takes Oriana's Hand leading her out.*

*As Amadis is following, Arcabon takes him
by the Robe.*

Arcab. What, not one Look! not one dissem-
bling Smile

To thank me for your Life! Or to beguile
Despair? Cold and ungrateful as thou art,
Hence from my Sight for ever, and my Heart.

[*Lets go her bold with an Air of Contempt.*
Back,

Back, Soldier, to the Camp, thy proper Sphere,
Stick to thy Trade, dull Hero, follow War,
Useless to Women; thou meer Image, meant
To raise Desire, and then to disappoint.

[Amadis goes out.]

So ready to be gone, — Barbarian stay —
He's gone, and Love returns, and Pride gives way.
Oh stay, come back — Horror and Hell! I burn!
I rage! I rave! I die! — Return, return.
Eternal Racks my tortur'd Bosom tear,
Vultures with endless Pangs are gnawing there, }
Fury! Distraction! I am all Despair.
Burning with Love, may'st thou ne'er aim at Bliss,
But Thunder shake thy Limbs, and Lightning
 blast thy Kifs,
While pale, aghast, a Spectre I stand by,
Pleas'd at the Terrors that distract thy Joy:
Plague of my Life! thy want of Pow'r shall be
A Curse to her, worse than thy Scorn to me.

[Exit.]

CHORUS.

*The Battel's done,
 Our Wars are over,
The Battel's done,
 Let Lawrels crown
The Heads that rugged Steel did cover.*

Let

Let Myrtles too
Bring Peace for ever,
Let Myrtles too
Adorn the Brow
That bent beneath the warlike Beaver.
Let Kisses, Embraces,
Dying Eyes, and kind Glances,
Let Kisses, Embraces,
And tender Caresses
Give Warmth to our amorous Trances.
Let Trumpets and Tymbals,
Let Atabals and Cymbals,
Let Drums and Hautboys give over;
But let Flutes
And let Lutes
Our Passions excite
To gentler Delight,
And every Mars be a Lover.



ACT



ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Urganda's Bower of Bliss: Being a Representation of Woodstock-Park.*

Enter ORIANA and AMADIS.

Ori. **I**N my Esteem he well deserves a Part,
He shares my Praise, but you have all my
Heart:

When equal Virtues in the Scales are try'd,
And Justice against neither can decide,
When Judgment thus perplex'd suspends the
Choice,

Fancy must speak, and give the casting Voice:
Much to his Love, much to his Merit's due,
But pow'rful Inclination is for you.

Amad. Thou hast no Equal, a superior Ray
Unrival'd as the Light that rules the Day.
Shou'd Fame solicit me with all her Charms,
Nor blooming Laurels, nor victorious Arms
Shou'd purchase but a Grain of the Delight,
A Moment from the Raptures of this Night.

Ori.

Ori. Wrong not my Virtue, to suppose that I
Can grant to Love, what Duty must deny;
A Father's Will is wanting, and my Breast
Is rul'd by Glory, tho' by Love possest:
Rather than be another's I wou'd die,
Nor can be yours, 'till Duty can comply.

Amad. Curst Rules! that thus the noblest Loves
engage,
To wait the peevish Humours of old Age!
Think not the Lawfulness of Love consists
In Parents Wills, or in the Forms of Priests;
Such are but licens'd Rapes, that Vengeance draw
From Heav'n, howe'er approv'd by human Law.
Marriage the happy'st Bond of Love might be,
If Hands were only join'd when Hearts agree.

Enter URGANDA and CORISANDA, FLORESTAN and Attendants.

Urg. Here faithful Lovers to safe Joys remove,
The soft Retreat of Glory and of Love,
By Fate prepar'd, to crown the happy Hours,
Of mighty Kings, and famous Conquerours:
The Bower of Bliss 'tis call'd, and is the same
Which Mortals shall hereafter *Blenheim* name,
Delicious Seat, ordain'd a sweet Recess
For thee, and for a future *Amadis*.

Here,

Here, *Amadis*, let all your Sufferings end ;
Before I brought a Mistress, now a Friend,
The greatest Blessings that the Gods can send. }

[*Presenting Florestan.*

Amad. O, *Florestan!* there wanted but this more,
This strict Embrace, to make my Joys run o'er:
The Sight of thee does such vast Transports breed,
That scarce the Extasies of Love exceed.

Flor. If beyond Love or Glory, is a Taste
Of Pleasure, it is sure in Friendship plac'd.

Ori. My *Corisanda* too!
Not *Florestan* cou'd fly with greater haste
To take thee in his Arms: O welcome to my Breast
As to thy Lover's —

Nature within seduc'd, in vain befriends,
While Honour, with his Guard of Pride, defends:
O Nature frail, and faulty in thy Frame,
Fomenting Wishes, Honour must condemn;
Or O! too rigid Honour thus no bind,
When Nature prompts, and when Desire is kind:

*Enter ARCAION conducting CONSTANTIUS;
her Garments loose and Hair deshevel'd, seem-
ing frantick.*

Arcaion. This, *Roman*, is the Place: 'Tis Magick
Ground,

Hid by Enchantment, by Enchantment found.
Behold 'em at our View dissolv'd in Fear;
Two Armies, are two Lovers in Despair.
Proceed, be bold, and scorning to entreat;
Think all her Struglings feign'd, her Cries Deceit.
Not creeping like a Cur that fawns to please,
Nor whine, nor beg——but like a Lyon seize:
Kill him, and ravish her: For so wou'd I,
Were I a Man: Or rather let both die.
The Rape may please——
Each was disdain'd; to equal Rage resign
Thy Heart, and let it burn and blaze like mine.
'Tis sweet to love; but when with Scorn we meet,
Revenge supplies the Loss, with Joys as great.

[*A Chariot descends swiftly drawn by Dragons, into which she enters at the following Lines.*

Up to th' etherial Heav'ns where Gods reside,
Lo! thus I fly to thunder on thy Side.

[*Thunder. The Chariot mounts in the Air, and vanishes with her.*

Con. Fly where thou wilt, but not to blest Abodes,

For know, where-e'er thou art there are no Gods.

[*Approaches Oriana bowing respectfully.*
I come not here an Object to affright,
Or to molest, but add to your Delight.

Behold a Prince expiring in your View,
Whose Life's a Burthen to himself, and you.

Fate and the King all other Means deny
To set you free, but that *Constantius* die:

A *Roman* Arm had play'd a *Roman's* Part,
But 'tis prevented by my breaking Heart:

I thank you Gods, nor think my Doom severe,
Resigning Life, on any Terms, for her.

Org. What cruel Destiny on Beauty waits,
When on one Face depend so many Fates?

Confin'd by Honour to relieve but One,
Unhappy Men by Thousands are undone.

Con. Make Room, ye *Deities*, whose devoted
Breath

Secur'd your Country's Happiness by Death;

I come a Sacrifice no less renown'd,
The Cause as glorious, and as sure the Wound.

[Kneels at Oriana's Feet, she seems concern'd.]

Oh Love! with all thy Sweets let her be blest,
Thy Reign be gentle in that beauteous Breast,
Tho' thy malignant Beams, with deadly Force,
Have scorch'd my Joys, and in their baneful Course
Wither'd each Plant, and dry'd up ev'ry Source;
Ah! to Oriana shine less fatal bright,
Cherish her Heart, and nourish her Delight,
Restrain each cruel Influence that destroys,
Bless all her Days, and ripen all her Joys.

[Amadis addressing to Constantius.]

Amad. Were Fortune us'd to shine upon Desert,
Love had been yours; to die, had been my Part:
Thus Fate divides the Prize; tho' Beauty's mine,
Yet Fame, our other Mistress, is more thine.

[Constantius rises, looking sternly upon him.]

Disdain not, gallant Prince, a Rival's Praise,
Whom your high Worth has humbled to confess
In every thing, but Love, he merits less.

Con. Art thou that Rival then? O killing Shame!
And has he view'd me thus, so weak, so tame?
Like a scorn'd Captive prostrate at his Side,
To grace his Triumph, and delight his Pride?

O 'tis too much! and Nature in Disdain
 Turns back from Death, and firing ev'ry Vein,
 Reddens with Rage, and kindles Life again.
 Be firm my Soul, quick from this Scene remove,
 Or Madness else may be too strong for Love.

*[Draws a Dagger, and stands between Amadis
 and Oriana, facing Amadis.]*

Spent as I am, and weary'd with the Weight
 Of burthening Life—I cou'd reverse my Fate,
 Thus planted, stand thy everlasting Bar;

*[Seizing Amadis, holding the Dagger at his
 Throat: Amadis struggles for his Sword.]*

But for Oriana's sake 'tis better here.

*[Looking back upon Oriana, stabs himself; all
 run to support him,]*

Ori. Live, gen'rous Prince, such Virtue ne'er
 shou'd die.

Con. P've liv'd enough, of all I wish possess,
 If dying, I may leave Oriana blest:
 Nor can I now recall my Fate——
 Th' Invader has too sure a Footing found,
 He spreads his Troops, and cov'ring all around,
 He marches unoppos'd: In every Vein
 Feavers assault, and Phrensies burn my Brain.
 The last warm Drop forsakes my bleeding Heart:
 Oh Love! how sure a Murderer thou art. *[Dies.]*
 Ori.

Ori. There breaks the noblest Heart that ever
burn'd

In Flames of Love, for ever to be mourn'd.

Amad. Lavish to him, you wrong an equal Flame;
Had he been lov'd, my Heart had done the same.

Flor. Oh Emperor, all Ages shall agree,
Such, but more happy, shou'd all Lovers be.

Urg. No Lover now throughout the World
remains

But *Amadis*, deserving of your Chains.

Remove that mournful Object from the Sight.

[*Carry off the Body.*

Ere yon' bright Beam is shadow'd o'er with Night,
The stubborn King shall licence your Delight;
The Torch, already bright with nuptial Fire,
Shall bring you to the Bridegroom you desire;
And Honour, that so long has kept in doubt,
Be better pleas'd to yield, than to hold out.

[*Here an Entertainment of Musick and Dancing.*
To be sung.

Make Room for the Combat, make Room,

Sound the Trumpet and Drum,

A fairer than Venus prepares

To encounter a greater than Mars.

Make Room for the Combat, make Room,

Sound the Trumpet and Drum,

*The Gods of Desire take part in the Fray,
And Love sits like Jove, to decide the great Day.*

For the Honour of Britain

This Duel is fought!

Give the Word to begin,

Let the Combatants in;

The Challenger enters all glorious;

But Love has decreed,

Tho' Beauty may bleed,

Yet Beauty shall still be victorious.

CHORUS.

Make Room for the Combat, make Room,

Sound the Trumpet and Drum;

A fairer than Venus prepares

To encounter a greater than Mars.

SONG.

Help! help! th' unpractis'd Conquerour cries;

He faints, he falls, help, help! Ah me! he dies.

Gently she tries to raise his Head,

And weeps, alas! to find him dead.

Sound, sound a Charge, 'tis War again,

Again he fights, again is slain;

Again,

The BRITISH ENCHANTERS.

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*Again, again, help, help! she cries,
He faints, he falls, help, help! Ab me! he dyes,*

Another.

Happy Pair,

Free from Care,

Enjoy the Blessing

Of sweet Possessing

Free from Care,

Happy Pair.

Love inviting,

Souls uniting,

Desiring,

Expiring,

Enjoy the Blessing

Of sweet Possessing

Free from Care,

Happy Pair.

Chorus Singing and Dancing.

Be true, all ye Lovers, whate'er you endure;

Tho' cruel the Pain is, how sweet is the Cure!

So divine is the Blessing,

In the Hour of Possessing.

*That one Moment's obtaining
Pays an Age of Complaining.*

*Be true, all ye Lovers, whate'er you endure ;
Tho' cruel the Pain is, how sweet is the Cure!*

Here enter two Parties from the opposite Sides of the Theater, with Lances in their Hands, marching to a Warlike Measure of Trumpets, &c. Then run a Tilt, and having broken or quitted their Lances, form divers Combats with Sword and Buckler. The Conquerors dance a Measure, expressing their Joy for Victory.

CHORUS to the Dance.

*Amadis is the Hero's Glory,
Of endless Fame a lasting Story;
Amadis is the Hero's Glory.*

*Oriana is the Queen of Pleasure,
A Light of Love, to shine for ever:
Oriana is the Queen of Pleasure.*

[The Entertainment concludes with variety of Songs and Dances, after which the Company rise and come forward.

Amad. So *Phæbus* mounts triumphant in the Skies,

The Clouds disperse, and gloomy Horror flies;
Dark-

Darkness gives place to the victorious Light,
And all around is gay, and all around is bright.

Ori. Our present Joys are sweeter for past
Pain ;

To Heav'n, and Love, by Suff'ring we attain.

Urg. Prophetick Fury rowls within my
Breast,

And as at *Delphos*, when the foaming Priest
Full of his God, proclaims the distant Doom
Of Kings unborn, and Nations yet to come ;
My labouring Mind so struggles to unfold,
On *British* Ground, a future Age of Gold :
But least incredulous you hear — Behold.

*Here a SCENE represents the Queen, and all the
Triumphs of her Majesty's Reign.*

High on a Throne, appears the Martial Queen,
With Grace sublime, and with Imperial Mien,
Surveying round her with impartial Eyes
Whom to protect, or whom she shall chastise.
In ev'ry Line of that auspicious Face
Soft Mercy smiles, adorn'd with ev'ry Grace.
So Angels look, and so, when Heav'n decrees,
They scourge the World to Piety and Peace.

Em-

Empress, and Conqueror, hail! Thee, Fates
ordain
O'er all the Subject World, sole Arbitress to
Reign:

To no One People are thy Laws confin'd,
Great Britain's Queen, but Guardian of Man-
kind.

Sure Hope of all who dire Oppression bear,
For all th'Opprest become thy instant Care.
Nations of Conquest proud, Thou tam'st, to free
Denouncing War, Presenting Liberty;
The Victor to the Vanquish'd yields a Prize,
For in thy Triumph, their Redemption lyes;
Freedom and Peace, for ravish'd Fame you give;
Invade to bless, and Conquer to relieve.
So the Sun scorches, and revives by turns,
Requiting with rich Metals, where he burns.

Taught by this great Example to be just,
Succeeding Kings shall well fulfill their Trust;
Discord and War and Tyranny shall cease,
And jarring Nations be compell'd to Peace;
Princes and States, like Subjects, shall agree
To trust Her Power, Safe in Her Piety.

If curious to inspect the Book of Fate,
You'd farther learn the destin'd Time and Date
Of *Britain's* Glory, know, this Royal Dame
From *Stuart's* Race shall rise, *ANNA* shall be
Her Name.

F I N I S.





